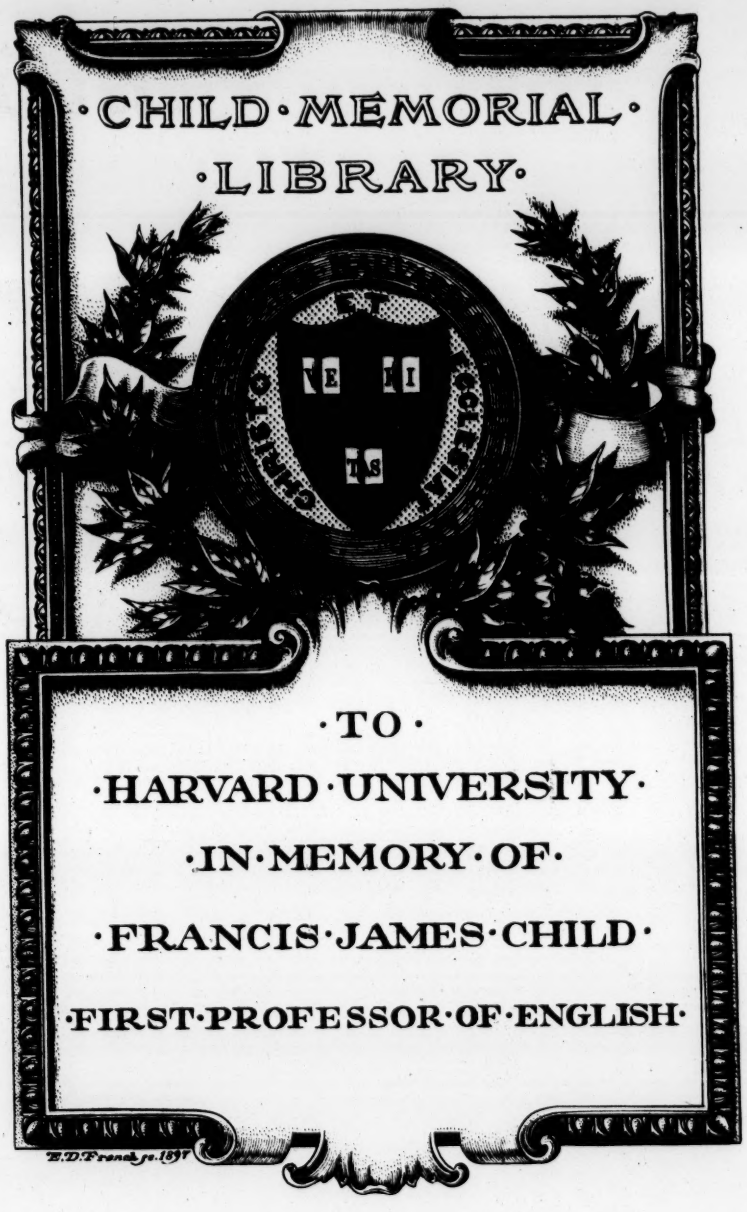

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Princess of Parma 1699

H. Smith.

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THE
Princeſs of Parma.
A
TRAGEDY.

THE

Princess of Parma.

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TRAGEDY.

THE Princeſs of Parma. A TRAGEDY:

As it is

Acted at the New Theatre

IN

Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

By H. Smith, *Gent.*

Semel Inſanivimus Omnes.

LONDON:

Printed for *Joſeph Wilde*, at the Elephant at *Charing-Croſs.* MDCXCIX.

THE

Princels of Parma.

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PROLOGUE.

In various Shapes our Theatres have shewn,
The reigning Sins, and Follies of the Town;
And if Nice Criticks do the Stage reprove,
'Tis for those Ills, we Labour to remove:
Yet all our Satyr, (for your good design'd)
Serves but to make your Lewdness more refin'd:
Ideots in Virtue, but in Mischief Wise,
You Damn the Moral, and Engross the Vice:
E'en proud, aspiring Sins, are grown so Vain,
They Aim at Vice, to Mimick Gentlemen;
Turn Coxcombs, Beaux, and (in a Fop's disguise)
Steal, (with a Clap) Repentance by Surprise.
Against such Odds, an Author trys, (this Day)
The bold Experiment of a Chast Play;
Let Wit redeem the Scandals of our Age,
And Virtue Reign Triumphant on the Stage;
Then will the Muse's Golden Age return,
When Sense, and Decency our Scenes Adorn;
When modest Laws restrain licentious Plays,
And what Fools Write, some greater Fools don't Praise.
To you, bright Stars, our Poet does submit,
Sov'reigns of Love, and Oracles of Wit:
To you belongs to Censure, or Approve,
Since there's no Wit, but what's Inspir'd by Love.
To please the Fair, has been his chiefest Aim,
And beyond your Applause he Courts no Fame;
At your Tribunal, let him Mercy find,
Smile on his Hopes, and as you're Fair, be Kind.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

Spoke by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Written by Mr. Motteux.

JUST now, where I asleep should only seem,
I Slept indeed, and had a frightful Dream:
I Dreamt, this House, for want of due Support,
Once more was turn'd into a Tennis Court;
Methought——
Our Neighbouring Foes Unrivall'd now Commanded,
And most of the Stage Forces were Disbanded:
Some of the Men, to Strole, were gone together;
Some of the Women to Act——Heaven knows whither:
Stage Wars were ceas'd, both Houses shrunk to One,
And all Expensive Foreigners were gone.
No Gentleman, or Volunteer of Ours,
Acted for his Diversion, scarce for Yours.
No kind Cabal appear'd in shining Rows,
To Line the Front, and either Wing, with Beaux.
No Sum was given, fam'd Monsieurs to Engage,
To leave the French to Flutter on our Stage:
Nor would the House, to Bribe you with New Fancies,
Give ten times Thirty Pounds for Thirty Dances.
Five Hundred Guineas were not given this Season,
To Please your Ears and Mortifie our Reason.
Nor were the Fair so fond of Musick grown
To be Diverted with the Voice Alone.

For

For want of Choice, one thought some Curs'd the Players,
Some went to Puppet Shews, Nay, some to Prayers:
No Rake cou'd Jaunt from House to House for Doxies,
And what was worse, No Beaux cou'd Bilk the Boxes.
But Drudging Players were Bilk'd of half their Pay,
All Poets of their Sixth, and some of their Third Day:
With Uncomb'd Wigs, pale Looks and meagre Miens,
Walking like Ghosts behind the Gloomy Scenes;
Desponding, Poor, from Year to Year to Year Delay'd,
Few Plays Reviv'd, and scarce a good One Play'd.

Well, SIRS,

How think you this wou'd please the Town?
Tis what you must Expect, if we go down;
Dreams use to go by Contraries, you'll Cry.
But grant ye Powers, this mayn't prove True, say I.

Then Rouze, ye generous Patrons of the Stage,
For your own Sakes, now in our Cause Engage;
If We our Freedom, You your Pleasure Quit;
Keep then from Slav'ry the free State of Wit:
Our Rivals, when you prop us, need not Grumble,
You know the way, to make, and keep us Humble.

Dram-

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Doria,	The Famous Admiral of *Genoa*, Restorer of his Countries Liberty,	Mr. *Betterton*.
Zinelli, *Grimaldi*,	Two Noblemen in *Doria*'s Interest against the Faction,	Mr. *Scudamore*. Mr. *Arnold*.
Spinola,	A Loyal Officer, who joyns with the Faction to serve *Doria*,	Mr. *Thurmond*.
Barbarelli,	Generaliſſimo of the Armies of the Genoeſe, Head of the Popular Faction,	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
Durazzo,	A Cruel, Mercenary Villain, Governor of the Fort for the Rebels,	Mr. *Freeman*.
Six Senators.		
Pedro,	*Durazzo*'s Lieutenant.	
An Officer.	Under *Barbarelli*.	

WOMEN.

Almira,	A Princeſs, Siſter to the Duke of *Parma*, in Love with *Doria*,	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Julia,	An Ambitious, Revengeful Woman, who under the pretence of Friendſhip, ſeeks *Almira*'s Ruin,	Mrs. *Barry*.
Fidelia,	One of *Almira*'s Attendants.	Mrs. *Martin*.
Carina,	—*Julia*'s Woman.	

Scene, GENOA.

THE
Princess of Parma.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Barbarelli, Durazzo, Spinola, *Officer*.

Bar. FOrbear, good *Spinola*, their Doom's Decreed;
My Countrys Liberty, our private Wrongs,
And the loud Cries of a tumultuous Crowd,
Demand this Solemn Justice at our hands:
Lead in the Prisoners. [*Exit Officer.*

Dur. Let Tyrants fall, and Liberty return.

Re-enter Officer, leading Six Senators in Chains.

Bar. See all, that's left of our great Senate's Pride;
Fantoms of State, and Pageants of an hour;
Who, Born to Serve, Usurp the Reins of Empire,
And rais'd above the Sphere of lawful Pow'r,
Like giddy *Phaeton*, for want of Skill
Would set the World on Fire,—— Plodding Rebels!

1 *Sen.* Rebels, To whom?

Bar. To the prevailing Pow'r——
Thanks to the Tut'lar Genius of my Country,
That happy day of Liberty will shine,
Which your dark Politicks have long Eclips'd;
Genoa no more shall Groan under Oppression,
Nor Rev'rend Knaves insult from a Tribunal:
We spare your lives, but Banish you for ever.

2 *Sen.* Audacious Villain! We despise thy Mercy,

Think'ſt thou, we can out-live our Countries Ruin;
Perfect thy bloody Conqueſt with our Deaths.
Dur. Lay to your Crimes the Ruin of your Country.
Bar. What are the Fruits of your Ambitious Pride?
Awful Religion made a gainful Art,
Our Sacred Laws bent to your private Luſts,
And Juſtice loſt in Arbitrary Power;
Theſe publick Ills our Councils muſt reform.
3 *Sen.* Zealots in Miſchief, Monſters in Diſguiſe;
Do you then give, like Hypocrites of old,
To bloody Plots, the Name of Reformation?
That eaſie Fools may Reverence the Cheat,
And think, they muſt be Traytors, to be ſav'd?
4 *Sen.* Sly impious Jugglers betwixt Heav'n and Hell
Still pretend Conſcience, to act Villany;
Seem honeſt to deceive, and humble to devour;
Rebels in Heart; they artfully put on
A pious Face, to gain more Strength for Miſchief.
Bar. This is a time for Action, not Debate——
Dotards be gone, —— on forfeit of your lives
Be ſeen no more within the Walls of *Genoa*.
1 *Sen.* A day will come. ——
Bar. I'll hear no more. — Away. [*The Senators are led off by the Officer.*
Now *Doria* falls a Sacrifice to Peace;
He dies, my Friends, that haughty Tyrant dies,
Who placing all the Power in the Nobles,
Uſurp'd our antient fundamental Rights.
Spin. Forbid it, Fates! That ever ſo much Virtue
Should be Eclips'd in Death!—— That our great Admiral,
Made famous by a thouſand Victories——
Bar. Mark me well, *Spinola*, I deem that Man
A Traytor to our State, who pleads for Mercy.
Why this ridiculous Canting out of Seaſon?
Wilt thou plant Honeſty in this baſe World?
Where it can never thrive—— The Soil is Curs'd
To bear no Crop, but fruitful Villany.
Dur. I hate ſuch Trimmers between Good and Evil,
They're a ſtrange monſtrous Brood,—— Scrupulous Thinking
Couples with their Knav'ry, and begets Folly:

I never ſaw a ſneaking Raſcal
Cut a Man's Throat, but firſt would ſay his Pray'rs.
Spin. Pardon this reſt of Pity for a Hero:
And now, my Conquering, my Noble General,
Who, like a Roman Tribune, haſt ſet Bounds
To the high flights of our Patrician's Pride;
Thou, greater Hero, famous *Barbarelli*,
I'll dare for Thee what Loyal Zeal inſpires.
Bar. Spoke like a Man of Honour, and a Friend.
Spin. Doria muſt fall, his Greatneſs is his guilt;
Yet, like true Hypocrites, let's Save Appearances,
Not Murder him without ſome Form of Law.
Dur. Murder will then appear an Act of Juſtice.
Bar. Next, we'll Redreſs all Grievances of State;
Admit no Senators without Beard, or Senſe;
Baniſh all Judges, Traytors to the Laws;
All Admirals, who never go to Sea,
But when there is leaſt Danger, and moſt Profit.
Dur. Let's Level all Conditions to our own:
Why ſhould we ſuffer uſeleſs, gaudy Drones,
Nurs'd up in Softneſs, and in Pleaſures drown'd,
To Lord it ore us? —— They've long rioted
In Eaſe and Luxury,—— 'Tis now our turn.
Bar. Some ſecret Friends to *Doria* ſtill remain.
Dur. Let's make ſure work; The Dead ne'er fight again;
Cut off one Head, to ſave a thouſand Lives:
Next, to keep up the Courage of your Troops,
Ranſack the Treaſury, diſperſe the Spoil,
Let rich Extortion bleed,—— Spare not Uſurers,
Plunder their Souls, you'll find 'em in their Bags:
Then, in the People's Name, let's take Poſſeſſion,
And be all Lords Protectors of the State.
Spin. What Friends have we to ſecond our deſign?
Bar. Thouſands of all Complexions, and Degrees;
Old juggling Senators, expell'd for Brib'ry;
Depending Knaves, who fret to loſe their Penſions;
Disbanded Officers, who Curſe the Peace;
Politick Heads, who wiſh for Revolutions;
Rich City Fools, who want ſome place of Honour;

Courtiers in Debt, who want some place of Profit;
With all the pious Sons of wealthy, gouty Fathers,
Who fain would cut their Throats, to Ease their Pains.
Dur. Lead on brave General, lead on to Plunder,
I'll ne'er forsake the Cause.
Bar. Now go, my *Spinola*; Enflame Sedition;
Let not a Qualm of Loyalty destroy
What is so nobly done, ——
Spin. I Answer for my Friends,
All fighting Saints, and Veterans in Ill,
Fear not; A fit of squeamish Honesty
Will never Pall their Appetite to Mischief;
Luscious Rebellion they digest with Ease. [*Exit* Spinola.
Dur. See, a fair *Amazon*, comes to be listed.
Bar. 'Tis *Julia*, Friend; The Charmer of my Soul,
Prepare, this Night, to Celebrate our Nuptials,
Thy sweet *Blandina* too must grace the Pomp.
Dur. With Pride and Joy that Honour she'll receive.
Bar. Look to thy Prisoner——
Dur. My Life for his. [*Exit* Durazzo.

Enter Julia.

Jul. Fortune has heard my Vows, —— Not all the Glory
The Rising Sun over the World displays,
Can strike my Senses with such pleasing Joy,
As fills this Breast, to see my Conqueror.
Bar. O *Julia*! O my Life! My only Blessing,
Judge of the transports of my Soul by yours;
Ambitious *Doria*, Rival of my Fame,
Yields to my Arms -- Fortune has crown'd my wishes;
But can I hope, that Love will be as Kind?
Jul. Why this distrust, Injurious to my Heart?
Bar. All hopes of Bliss, are ever mixt with Fears.
This is the Day, the joyful Day, fair *Julia*,
So long wish'd for by your Adoring Lover,
Those precious Lips a thousand times have swore,
" If e're the Fates fix Fortune to thy Arms,
" *Hymen* shall Crown thy glorious task of War.
That time, my Love, that happy time is come.

Julia.

Jul. Is this a time to talk of *Hymen's* Joys,
When all is hurl'd in Tumult and Confusion?
'Twere an Ill Omen, sure, our hands to join,
When yours are dipp'd in Blood——
Grant me one day, that's but a short reprieve,
When so much Bliss, or Woe, depends upon it——

Bar. One day's an Age, in the Account of Love.

Jul. Nature to Woman gave the Sovereign Sway,
But ever-ruling Love our Sex dethrones;
No sooner Marriage has engag'd our Vows,
But we resign the Empire of our Wills;
This day is mine,—— Let me Command this day,
To morrow will be yours,—— Hear you the Sound? [*A Sound of Trumpets within.*
Oh! What new Dangers must your Valour meet!

Bar. My Country calls for Liberty, and Peace!
Here let me Seal, my Dear, Eternal Love. [*He kisses her hand.*

Jul. Farewell, my Hero.

Bar. Remember, Oh! Remember to morrow. [*Exit* Bar.

Julia Sola.

On this important Day my Choice depends:
If *Doria's* ruin'd, *Barbarelli's* mine;
If *Barbarelli* falls, *Doria's* my Hero;
To him my Love, and wishing Thoughts incline,
But o're fond Love, Ambition must prevail,
I'll watch their Fates, and keep my Heart in Balance,
Let Fortune turn the Scale,——

Enter Zinelli.

Zin. Unhappy *Doria!*
Oh! The uncertain State of humane Things!
Last week Invested with a Monarch's Pow'r,
Now in the Fort, (like some poor Wretch,) confin'd.

Jul. Your *Doria* then is made the Sport of Fortune?

Zin. Forbear, forbear, 'tis Barbarous t' insult,
And triumph in the ruin of my Friend;
Great *Doria* once had your Esteem, and Love,
How soon, alas! How soon your Heart is chang'd?

Jul. 'Tis fickle Fortune changes, (not my Heart)
I must conform to Fate, which first has chang'd.

Zin. The ancient Family, which gave you Birth,
The *Foſcarini*'s ever acted nobly
For *Doria*'s Intereſt, againſt the Faction.
Oh! Can you ſlight their Friend, becauſe in Bonds?
Ungen'rous Maxim! Falſe, Inconſtant World!

Jul. I value Friends, as Miſers do rich Medals,
Not for the Stamp they bear,
But for their Worth, or real Gain they bring.

Zin. Sordid Philoſophy! When skillful Nature,
Into our Forms the ſparks of Life infuſes,
She ſets her nobleſt Stamp upon a Hero.

Jul. In *Doria*'s Life, a thouſand Virtues ſhine;
Fame ſpeaks him Noble, Generous, and Kind;
Courteous, and Affable; Temp'rate, and Juſt;
Prudent in Council, and in Action bold;
But Oh! One Vice Eclipſes all his Virtues,
For 'tis a Vice, (with me) to be Unfortunate.

Zin. A happy Calm may this black Storm ſucceed,
And ſmiling Fate his Liberty reſtore,
With all the Pomp and Splendour he enjoy'd.
Should Fortune change, and favour our Deſigns,
What would you do?——

Jul. The Queſtion's ſoon reſolv'd;
I'd change with Fortune too, and Love again;
Till then, to nobler Souls, my Heart reſigns
The fruitleſs Honour of poor, gen'rous Love.

Zin. Virtue, (tho' hard oppreſt) is Virtue ſtill:
If a Man's Honeſty were always meaſur'd
By the deceiving Rule of outward Fortune,
The Good, (in humble Rags) would paſs for wicked,
And proſp'rous Vice aſſume the Name of Virtue:
Whatever Doom is for my Friend Reſerv'd,
I'll try this day, what Period to his Wrongs
The Angry Fates have fix'd,——

Jul. But ſtill *Almira*, Gen'rous, fond *Almira*,
Who in that War, which threatn'd *Parma*'s ruin,
Fled to this City as a place of Refuge,
Out-does your mighty Friendſhip with her Love;
For, to put life into your Soldiers Hearts,

She scatters that prodigious Mass of Wealth,
The Duke her Father left her.

Zin. And who can blame her Passion for a Hero?
Esteem's a Tribute, which all Gen'rous Minds
Still pay to Virtue——And Esteem, you know,
Fix'd in a Woman's Heart, soon turns to Love.

Jul. I know it not—Virtue, (in my Opinion)
Is but a gaudy Dream, a glorious sound,
That never could my wary Soul deceive;
Ambition is my Love, and *Cupid* but my Fool;
Let wishing Maids sigh, languish, and grow Pale,
Who, for that foolish Toy, Man's Heart,
That Childish, trifling Deity Adore——
I know no Charm, but solid Greatness.

Zin. Virtue's a Charm in fair *Almira*'s Eyes,
That beauteous Form, whom Nature, in her Pride,
Fram'd, for the World to gaze upon, and Love,
Finds all can Charm her in my Captive Friend.

Jul. Love, is her Reason; Interest, is mine:
Were I that wretched, simple thing, call'd Bride,
Led to the Altar, free to give my Hand
To One, whose Fortune had Enflam'd my Love,
Tho' he was Kind, and Fond, as I could wish;
Had I that moment, a new Offer made me,
Of some more splendid Fortune,
I'd bid the Priest go on, but Change the Name,
I would renounce all former Thoughts and Vows,
And tell my new-born Lover—— I am thine.

Zin. Oh! See the Princess in sad Pomp appears.

Jul. Now darling Virtue of my Artful Sex,
Dissimulation, help me——

Enter Almira, *in great disorder, led by* Fidelia, *and some Attendants.*

Alm. Stand from me; Leave me to my wild Despair,
(Deluding Flatterers of impatient Grief)
Who think to Calm a Tempest with a Song:
Preach Patience to the Sea, when jarring Winds
Throw up her swelling Billows to the Sky,

And

And if your Reasons mitigate her Fury,
My Soul will be as Calm——
Oh! I am lost, for ever lost, (my *Julia.*)

Jul. That melting Pity for your Sorrow moves me,
These broken Sighs, and prest'ning Tears can witness,
Forbid it, (O just Pow'rs) that my dear Friend,
My Dear *Almira* should complain alone,—
Whilst I have Breath, to Ecchoe to her Sighs.

Zin. Shall *Genoa* bend under Usurping Slaves?
No— The sad Prospect of my Country's Ruin,
Great *Doria*'s Bonds, and fair *Almira*'s Tears,
With Honour and Revenge, Enflame my Soul:
I'll save my Friend, and set my Country free,
Or perish in th' Attempt——

Alm. O, Kind *Zinelli*,
When shall I see the Charmer of my Grief?

Zin. The Fates, that rule the World, ha' bounds to Treason,
No Pow'r can stop, or force beyond the Line,
This day Rebellion dies— Proud *Barbarelli*,
Giddy with Greatness, Drunk with Government;
To his Destruction reels— This day he falls.

Alm. May blest Success so just a Cause attend!

Zin. To Arms, to Arms, my Friend and Country Call,
Let no true Patriot of my bleeding Country
Sheath his revengeful Sword, till these vile Monsters,
This Spawn of Hell, and Plague of Commonwealths,
Who gnaw like Vipers, their own Mothers Entrails;
Stain, with their Blood, the Earth, that groans to bear 'em:
I'll head the daring Partners of my Zeal,
And lead 'em thro' the Paths of Death and Honour [*Exit* Zin.

Alm. Doria's still happy, Blest with such a Friend;
Tell me, (O *Julia*) Dost thou Love *Almira*?

Jul As Mothers love the Darlings of their Fondness.
Nature, in all her rich variety,
Nothing affords so precious to my Soul
As dear *Almira*'s Friendship,
For all my Joys are center'd in that word.

Alm. Come to my Arms, thou Miracle of Goodness!
Thou, pitying Friend, whom Fortune cannot change!

Jul. From the ſoft Age of tender Innocence,
Our Love has kept an even pace with Life:
You knew no Grief, no Joy poſſeſt your Soul,
But what Endearing Sympathy made mine:
I had no thought, I never form'd a wiſh,
But what *Almira*'s Friendſhip made her own:
One Object fill'd our Paſſions, and Deſires;
And partial time, which other things deſtroys,
Has to its heighth, this happy Love improv'd.
Alm. Then let me pour the Secret of my Life
Into the friendly Boſom of my *Julia*,
Jul, Speak as we Love, without Diſtruſt or Fear.
Some of our Sex may wiſh for Beauty's Charms,
Others make Wealth the Idol of their Minds,
Or Pride in lofty ſounds of Stately Honour,
Julia's Ambition is to ſerve *Almira*.
Alm. Zinelli's Zeal may haſten *Doria*'s Fate,
The Thought diſtracts me, fills me with Deſpair,
I cannot live; I'll go where Paſſion leads me;
I'll plead with Tears, for *Doria*'s Liberty,
Or wind my ſelf about his noble Ruins:
Deareſt of Friends, as ever Pity mov'd thee,
Forſake me not, but guide my trembling Steps.
Jul. If, in her days of Peace, I lov'd *Almira*,
She's, in her Grief, ſtill dearer to my Soul:
But Oh! What hope can flatter our Succeſs?
Sordid *Durazzo* governs in the Fort,
That ſurly Wretch, to Blood and Rapine us'd,
Will ne'er Relent, if glitt'ring Spells don't charm him;
The publick good your Treaſures has Exhauſted:
Alm. One Casket worth a Kingdom 's ſtill reſerv'd,
And *Doria*'s Liberty is worth that Kingdom,
Let Fate diſpoſe of all—— Love ſhall ſupply
What Fortune takes away——
Jul. That Charm he'll never reſiſt——
Within this hour, I'll meet you at your Palace.
Alm. Julia will not forget?——
Jul. } Truſt to my Sacred Word—— [*Exit* Alm.
Sola. } Yes, fond deluded Rival, I will meet thee,

And my Revenge ſecure---- My Brother's Ghoſt
In frightful Forms appears, and groans for Blood;
Thy Jealous Father cut his thread of Life,
And 'tis thy Life muſt be my Sacrifice;
I'll ſtill abuſe the ſacred Name of Friend,
To flatter, and deceive thee into Ruin.
Let Doria *live, and curs'd* Almira *bleed;*
Triumphant Love ſhall my Revenge ſucceed. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Fort.*

Enter Almira, Julia, Durazzo, Spinola.

Dur. to SIſter ſay'ſt thou to the great Admiral!
Alm. Be not ſo ſad, thou lovely, mournful Beauty,
My pitying Heart complys with thy deſire;
Go, *Spinola*, ſhe has my leave to ſee him.
Alm. to } Now perfect, *Julia*, with thy dextrous Wit,
Jul. aſide } What is ſo well begun---- [*Exit* Almira *attended by* Spinola.
Jul. Never ſuſpect my Friendſhip.
Aſide] Nor ever think I can forget my Wrongs.
Tell me, *Durazzo*, have you Skill in Faces?
Dur. Enough to know, that they're all monſtrous Cheats;
Men may look honeſt, but their Canker'd Hearts
Will give their Looks the Lie-- A ſurly Courtier
Can ſmoothly ſnear, to Smile upon a Bribe;
Fops can look big, and make a noiſe of Honour,
Who none can ſhew, but what is in their Patents,
Like Soldiers with Commiſſions, and no Courage.
Jul. How think you then of this fair Innocence?
This mournful Siſter of our Captive Hero?
Dur. Woman is ſtill the ſame, a pleaſing Cheat;
Fair pretty Monſter, charming to Man's Eye,
But to his Reaſon ugly, and deform'd.
Aſide] My ſoft, my dear *Blandina* ſtill excepted.

Jul.

Jul. Your Wit excells, at Characters, I find.
Dur. Joyn to a slender Shape, a *Syren's* Head,
Two Eyes of *Basilisk*, a Serpent's Tongue,
The Heart, and Whining of a Crocodile,
The dazzling of the Sun, the Moon's Inconstancy;
To this odd Compound, give but Hands and Feet,
And cover all with a soft Skin, and fair Complexion,
You'll make a perfect Woman.
Jul. To prove, *Durazzo*, you don't wrong our Sex,
One Secret learn, shall raise your Soul to wonder:
This Charming Mourner, is not *Doria's* Sister,
But the great Duke of *Parma's*; fair *Almira*,
For mighty Wealth, and conqu'ring Beauty fam'd.
Dur. Wondrous indeed!--- But how shall I believe,
That you speak Truth?--- You are a Woman too.
Jul. I will not try your Faith, but soon convince you:
'Tis *Doria's* Liberty the Princess seeks;
And free to purchase it, at any price,
She brings a dazzling Casket worth an Empire.
Your Fortune's in your pow'r——
Dur. Must *Doria* live to satiate his Revenge.
Jul. Then keep a Pledge, and set not *Doria* free;
But on Condition he shall leave *Almira*.
Dur. O Sex for Subtilty, and Mischief fam'd!
Thy Council shall prevail-- Let's in, my Oracle,
I long to gaze upon the sparkling Treasure. [*Exit* Dur.
Jul. } In Pow'rful Gold some secret Magick lies.
Sola. } The wanton, mighty *Jove*, in all his Glory,
With all the Art of Eloquence Divine,
Found the Nymph Coy, and blind to all his Charms;
Till, chang'd at last into a Golden Show'r,
The precious Drops dissolv'd her into Love. [*Exit.*

SCENE Changes,
A Place before the Dungeon.

Enter Almira, Spinola.

Spin. Yes, glorious Princess, 'tis to serve great *Doria*
That now I seem Confederate with Rebels;

I play the Hyppocrite, to know their Secrets;
Cant as they do, the better to Deceive 'em:
I paſs with them for an accompliſh'd Saint,
Which is. (in other words) a hard'ned Villain.

Alm. Who could have thought this horrid Seat of Treaſon
So true a Friend to *Doria* did contain?

Spin. Moſt of the Guards are here at my Devotion;
I train 'em up to Loyalty and Honour,
They'll ſoon be taught to ſignalize their Zeal.

Alm. Oh! may Succeſs reward thy gen'rous Work.

The Dungeon *opens, and* Doria *appears.*

Spin. Diſmal, moſt diſmal Object! [Spinola *goes off,* Almira *retires to one ſide of the Stage, where ſhe ſtands unſeen by* Doria, *and weeping.*

Alm. Oh! My Heart!

Dor. comes forward. Deluded Man, who fondly proud of Reaſon,
Think'ſt That thy crazy Nature's Priviledge,
Which is thy great Tormentor--- Senſeleſs Fools
In ſtupid Dullneſs bleſt are only happy;
They feel no threatning Evils at a diſtance,
Never reflect on their paſt Miſeries,
Their ſolid Comfort is their want of Senſe.
But Reaſon, (like the Tyrant of our Minds)
Awakes our Thoughts to all our Cares, and Griefs
Diſtracts our Hopes, and in a thouſand Shapes,
Preſents our Fears, to multiply our Woes.
Give, (O Kind Pow'rs) ſome Comfort to my Soul,
Either my Reaſon, or my Ills remove.

Alm. aſide. Ha! *Doria*! Whither, whither's Juſtice fled?

Dor. And ſince by your Decrees, poor Mortals ſtand or fall;
If my Doom's fix'd, and nothing can ſuſpend it;
On this devoted Head heap all your Vengeance,
But ſave *Almira*, ſave that Charming Innocence;
For when ſhe falls, Nature muſt loſe her Pride.

Alm. runs to him. Thanks to thoſe Pow'rs, and her kind *Doria*'s wiſhes,
Almira's ſafe, and in this Minute, bleſt.

Dor.

Dor. ſur- What ſudden Tranſport's this?--Where, where am I?
priz'd. Is't but an Airy, flatt'ring Dream of Bliſs?
Or do I gaze indeed on fair *Almira*?
He runs It muſt be ſhe,--- None but that glorious Beauty
to her. Can o're my Soul diſplay ſuch Beams of Light.
Alm. Nearer, my *Doria*, 'tis *Almira* calls thee;
Almira, who for thee forſakes the World;
And in the horrid darkneſs of a Dungeon,
Finds all in thee, can make her truly happy.
Dor. Who would not rather chuſe, O, (Dear *Almira*)
To live in Miſery, to be thus Lov'd, thus Pity'd,
Than ſhine in all the Pomp of dazzling Greatneſs?
Take, take my Life in Gratitude, and Love,
'Tis all, my Heart can give, and all is yours.
Alm. 'Tis not thy Life I ask, give me thy Sorrows,
Too great, alas! for thy poor Heart to bear;
Give me thy Thoughts, thoſe black deſpairing Thoughts
Which rack thy Mind, and poiſon all thy Hopes,
Society in Grief will make it leſs:
Oh! Can you Love, and yet deny *Almira*,
That part ſhe Claims in all your Miſeries,
You cannot ſure,--- True Love has no reſerve.
She weeps See, ſee my Heart diſſolves,--- theſe flowing Tears,
Tell thee, I feel thy Griefs,--- Mix thy Sighs with mine;
Let us be Sad by Simpathy, and Love,
And joyn the Mournful Accents of our Woes.
Dor. With what Indifference my Eyes have ſeen
The horrours of my Fate, your ſelf can witneſs;
Ev'n Death to happy Mortals ſo Amazing,
My Grief has made familiar to my Thoughts;
But Oh! Your tender Pity ſhakes my Soul,
Your flowing Tears diſarm my Conſtancy.
Keep, O *Almira*, Keep thoſe precious Drops,
They pierce my bleeding Heart--- How calm, how pleas'd,
Could I give up this wretched Life of mine,
To gain for you one ſingle day of Bliſs?
Alm. Without your Life, What Bliſs can I enjoy?
Oh! Could you but forget your former State,
And let the baſe Thoughts of your loſt Honours

Paſs

Paſs, like a gliding Shadow, from your Mind,
Free from the noiſe of a diſtracted World,
With you I'd ſeek, in Deſerts far from Men,
A Safe Retreat to perſecuted Virtue.
Looks tenderly on him. There I would take thy Sorrows to my Boſom,
And Charm 'em into Joys, with Songs of Peace.

Dor. Hear this, Profaners of the Sex Divine,
Who fancy, Women without Souls were born,
And call the Glory of the whole Creation
A dazzling Clay, a Lump of Shining Earth,
Excluded from the proſpect of Futurities,
Or Idols of a Day, who Die for ever,
And to their Nothing, (with the Brutes) return.

Alm. An Idle Thought, an Aiery flight of Fancy!

Dor. Vain, empty Dream— Women, like fair *Almira*
Were form'd to Bleſs, and ſtamp Perfection on us:
Man was, (at firſt) a rude unpoliſh'd Maſs,
Till Nature fram'd that Charming Creature, Woman;
All kind, and ſoft, all tender, and Divine,
To mend our Faults, and mould us into Virtue;
And, by the Sweets of her refining Goodneſs,
Prepare our Taſte for never ending Joys.

Alm. To Men of fancy, leave the ſports of Wit,
And to Ambitious Minds the World to Rule,
I'll lead you ſafe where Happineſs is found;
Beneath a fragrant Shade of twiſted Greens,
The peaceful ſeat of Sacred Innocence,
Rich but in mutual Love, and humble Thoughts,
Contented Poverty ſhall be our Portion;
No wiſh of Honour ſhall our reſt devour,
No anxious Care poiſon our harmleſs Pleaſures:
Sweet Arbours, flow'ry Meads, and cryſtal Streams,
With all the various Pride of ſmiling Nature,
Shall feed our raviſh'd Senſes with Delight;
Whilſt chearful Birds, in ſympathizing Notes,
Repeat the Sounds of our increaſing Loves.

Dor. There I could fix my Happineſs for ever.
But, O! great Princeſs, What a baſe return
Would this be thought, for all your tender Love,

To

To make you the fad partner of my Miseries,
And hide a shining Beauty from the World,
Where it was plac'd, to be its chiefest Glory?

Alm. The World to me is but a trifling Thing,
Afflicted *Doria's* only worth my Care.

Dor. O wondrous Love! Inimitable Virtue!
Yet, turn your Eyes of Pity to my Country,
The moving Cries of tremb'ling Innocence,
Religion baniſh'd, Loyalty revil'd,
Juſtice abus'd, and our expiring Laws
Your yielding Pity, and my Aid Implore.

Alm. There thou haſt fix'd my Soul—Love made me Blind,
But now I ſee what Honour muſt inſpire thee,
Pardon a thoughtleſs Woman—Go, my *Doria*,
Thou only Hope of a declining State,
Stand up as the Avenger of our Wrongs,
And uſe thy Liberty, (I now procure)
To ſtrike the Monſter of Rebellion dead.

Dor. Oh! By what Miracle can you expect
Fate will at laſt my Liberty reſtore?

Alm. By that, which now works Miracles—A Bribe;
Julia, that kind, that zealous, pitying Friend,
With the laſt Stake of thy *Almira's* Fortune,
Is treating with *Durazzo* for thy Freedom—
She comes—

Enter Julia *and* Durazzo.

She runs to Julia. O *Julia*, tell me, tell me quickly:
Haſt thou prevail'd?

Jul. 'Tis done, your Lover's free.

Dur. You may Command your Liberty, (My Lord)

Alm. Embr. Julia. Fortune ſo bleſs my Friend, as ſhe was kind.

Jul. Can I do leſs for *Doria*? For my Country?
In pleading for a Hero's Liberty,
I ſhew the World how much I value Virtue.

Dor. Maxims ſo generous to Praiſe, (Kind *Julia*)
No Tongue Expreſſions finds,—(Like mighty Joy)
Exceſs of Gratitude ſtrikes Mortals Dumb.

Dur. Caution, (My Lord) is all the Wit of Cowards;
I am not Valiant, therefore muſt be Wiſe;

Changes

Changes in State, are like a Game at Cards;
Knaves for a time may Win, but the next Shuffling
The Game may turn, and Rebels lose their Heads.

Dor. Can you suspect my Faith, and doubt your Pardon?

Dur. On this alone my Politicks rely,
Leave * that fair Virgin, as a Pledge to me, [* *Points to*
That you'll protect my Life—— *Almira.*

Dor. Load me with Chains,
Confine me to the dismal Vaults of Night,
The Curst Abode of wretched Malefactors;
Torment me, Rack me with Eternal Tortures,
But ne'er expect, I'll purchase Liberty
At such a Price, as dear *Almira*'s Bonds!

Dur. Mark me, (My Lord) This time 'tis in your Pow'r
To save your Life from dire, impending Dangers;
Next Hour, my Heart may Change, and leave you to your Doom.
[*Exit* Dur.

Alm. Barbarous Tyrant! Oh!

Jul. Is there no Faith in Man? I'm lost in wonder,
And cannot think what the foul Traytor means.

Dor. Fly, my *Almira*, fly! The Fates are Angry;
Leave a lost Wretch, who spreads Contagion round him;
I may be doubly Curs'd, and in my Ruin
Involve your precious Life——

Alm. Fear not, (my Hero)
As I Revere, I'll imitate your Virtues,
And shew the world, that Woman can be great.
Resign, (my Lord) resign your Bonds to me,
That is your way to Liberty, and Conquest.

Dor. Amazing Thought of Goodness!
Oh! Can my Princess think, that e're my Heart,
(By her kind Nature moulded into softness)
Can be so barbarous: Those precious hands
(Could I dispose of Universal Monarchy)
Should Sway the glorious Scepter of the World,
But ne'er shall be with shameful Bonds dishonour'd.

Alm. I will not lose this Triumph of my Love.
If ever to *Almira* you were kind, [*She offers to*
If ever your Regard my words deserv'd, *Kneel.*
Grant me obtain this mournful Victory. *Jul.*

Jul. Consent, (my Lord) the time will not be long;
Immortal Honour waits upon this Day,
And *Genoa*'s Liberty begins with yours;
This Day to Honour give, and all the rest to Love.
Dor. Forbear to press what I must never grant.
Alm. When, from the World I with'd my self with you,
In peaceful Climes of Innocence secure,
Your Country's VVrongs, and Miseries prevail'd;
To rigid Honour trembling Love obey'd,
For the same VVrongs let the same Pity move you:
See *Genoa* turn'd a horrid Scene of Murder,
Of Factious Fury, Sacrilege, and Plunder;
Triumphing Ills, and Arbitrary Mischief.
Dor. I see but you, I think but of *Almira*.
Alm. Honor prevail'd before, now Love Commands,
Forgive that VVord, forgive it, (gentle *Doria*)
I would not speak it to Redeem my life,
But yours, alas! Your precious Life's in danger.
Jul. If *Genoa*, fall'n under the vilest Bondage
And publick Ills, cannot engage your Pity:
Oh! Look on this soft Charmer of your Soul;
Think, (*Doria*) think of your *Almira*'s Fate,
Your Kind, your Fond *Almira*.
Should now this haughty Rebel in his Fury
VVith your dear Life her only hope destroy,
(You know he talk'd of dire, impending Dangers)
Then my poor Princess destitute, and lost,
Must fall, alas! a second Sacrifice.
Dor. My Princess Bleed? Perish the horrid Thought!
At the alarming Sound, I Start, I tremble,
I'm all on fire, Speak, VVhat wonders must I do?
Jul. Since on your Liberty her Life depends,
Fly from this place of danger to your Friends,
Fight for the Cause of Innocence, and Love;
Alm. Fight for thy poor *Almira*'s Life.
Dor. Almira's Life?-- Who would not Die to save it?
VVitness, (ye Pow'rs) who pry into our Thoughts,
What Charms of Liberty, or thirst of Honour,
What my own Life could not obtain

My Fears for dear *Almira*'s Life have done,
Yes, yes, (my Princess)
Since Fate thro' mine your glorious Life pursues,
I'll Fight, I'll conquer to secure my Love:
And you, (kind *Julia*) Partner of our Griefs,
Sent us by Heav'n, to Comfort our Misfortunes,
Do not forsake your Friend, your Dear *Almira*;
Flatter her Fears, divert her prying Sorrow;
Speak to her Soul the words of Peace, and Love;
Tell her of Victories, and Joys to come:
My grateful Heart shall ne'er forget your Pity.

Jul. Nor ever mine Consent to leave my Princess.

Alm. How good, (my Friend) How pitiful thou art?
I must be Just, and make thee a return;
Shall I, my Lord, your Gratitude inspire?

Dor. What can you ask for such a Friend, as *Julia*,
That *Doria* will not grant?

Alm. But Swear, you will.

Dor. Hear, hear me, Pow'rs, who to Eternal Vengeance
Doom Impious Perjury —— By All I hold most dear,
By my own Life, and, which is dearer still,
By fair *Almira*'s precious Life, I Vow,

Alm. Then, gen'rous *Doria*, listen to my Voice.
'Tis not Despair, or Sadness does affect me;
No, I am Calm, and Free, as Innocence:
My Life, (my Lord) is but a fleeting shadow,
That soon may Vanish from the Earth,
A thousand Accidents surround it —— I may Die,
And, whilst your Victories amaze the World,
That Tyrant Death may rob you of *Almira*.

Dor. Avert it Fates! Oh! Why, (sweet Excellence)
These Words of Sadness, that afflict my Soul?
And leave it full of Horrour and Despair?

Alm. Hear me, my Lord, Remember that you swore,
If 'tis my Lot never to meet again,
The Charming Hero, my proud Heart adores,
Never once more to see my dearest *Doria*,
Oh! Love my Friend: Take *Julia* to your Breast,
Let happy Marriage both your Hearts Unite,
To her alone I can bequeath your Love.

Dor. What Words are these?—Oh! Break, break, stubborn Heart
Alm. You know your Vow, and I dare trust your Virtue.
Farewell, my *Doria*,
May Conquest, Victory, and Honour Crown thee.
Dor. One day, my life—— And then we'll meet again
To part no more, but to be blest in Love. [*Exit* Doria, *leading the Princess.*

Jul. sola. Blind *Doria*'s Vow secures *Almira*'s Ruin,
Since Fraud, and Villany now rule the World,
And glorious Mischief over Virtue Triumphs,
Friendship, or Honesty can bear no sway,
For to be great, Ambition marks the way. [Exit *Julia.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Fort.*

Enter Almira, Julia, Durazzo, Spinola.

Alm. O *Julia!* O my Friend? What day of Glory?
The Rebels yield, and *Doria*'s Conqueror.
Jul. Fortune, alas! Ne'er Smiles, but to deceive;
She soon destroys the Blessings, she Imparts,
By mixing, with our Joy, succeeding Woe;
I tremble for your Life—— Incens'd *Durazzo*,
No sooner heard of *Barbarelli*'s Fall,
But Vow'd Revenge, and mark'd you for his Victim.
Alm. Were then my hopes but flatt'ring vain delusions?
O *Doria*'s this the Fruit of all thy Toils?
Never to see thy dear *Almira* more.
Jul. Ingenious Friendship has contriv'd a way
To stop the torrent of his stormy Rage,
Trust to my Love——
Alm. My better Genius, speak.
Jul. Bound by a Solemn Oath, he'll spare your life,
Till, from Triumphing *Doria*, or the Senate,
I bring him an Assurance of his Pardon:

But I must fly to save you, every Minute
Seems as an Age to my impatient Soul,
Till I behold you blest in *Doria*'s Arms.

Alm. Fly, my Soul's Comforter, fly to my *Doria*,
Tell him of all my Love, of all my Joy,
Tell him I triumph with him, in my Bonds.

Jul. The Tyrant comes,--- retire, and shun his fury.

Alm. Heav'n guard the best of Friends!

Jul. And bless my Princess. [*Exit* Almira.

Poor Innocence! 'Tis ease to Deceive thee!
Since *Doria* Conquers, *Doria* must be mine;
But Oh! What Hopes? Whilst curst *Almira* lives;
I'll still enflame this Traytor's Rage against her,
And thus, upon her Blood, my Triumph raise.

Enter Durazzo, Spinola.

Dur. Patience-- Name it no more--I'm all Revenge,
All our Friends Murder'd, Tortur'd, cut in Pieces,
Their broken Limbs in all our Streets dispers'd,
Or hung for bloody Trophies in the Air;
By all the Furies that possess my Soul---

Jul. Hear me, O hear me calmly, (good *Durazzo*)

Dur. I'm deaf to all, but Murder and Revenge---
Haste, haste, dear *Spinola*, find out the Victim,
I thirst for Blood---Imperfect were my Vengeance,
Should by another hand *Almira* bleed.

Spin. aside] Assist me, Fates, to guard that glorious life,
And turn the Mischief on this Monster's head. [*Exit* Spin.

Dur. Remorse, for ever vanish from my Soul,
And let my Thoughts be lost in pleasing Ruin
Thou Sorceress, thou Traitress too must Die.

Jul. Oh! Could *Durazzo* see into my Heart,
Sure he would not be Angry with poor *Julia*:
'Tis true, my Pity for a Captive Hero,
Made me to plead for *Doria*'s Liberty;
But still I was sincere, I would not see you wrong'd.

Dur. Ruins at hand, the smiling Mischief fawns,

Jul. weeps] *Almira*'s Secrets I reveal'd to you;
You know I did, and must I die for this?

Dur. Curs'd be her Voice! The sound disarms my Fury.

Jul.

Jul. Friendship mov'd farther yet—— I sav'd your Life.
Dur. Ha?
Jul. I did (*Durazzo*)—— wo Barbarous *Almira*,
(Just Heav'ns! who could such treach'rous hearts suspect)
Came, but to Bribe your Guards to Murder you,
A Deed so horrid I could ne'er approve:
I made her give that Treasure you possess,
For *Doria*'s Liberty; and thus my Care,
My Friendly Care, turn'd that to your Advantage,
Which was intended for your Ruin.

Enter Spinola.

Dur. She dies, she dies—— Ha! Where's the Princess?—— Speak;
I burn to dip this Dagger in her Blood.
Spin. Hard by the Fountain, on the Arbour's Seat,
Charm'd by the Coolness of the peaceful Night,
Your Victim lay in the soft Arms of Sleep.
Dur. This Sleep, by the Infernal Powers! is her last:
* *To Spinola*] * Be thou my Guide, and let my trusty *Pedro*
Stand on the watch, to keep Intruders off.
Spin. Follow my steps—— (*aside*) I'll be thy Guide, (dark Villain)
If I succeed, thou shalt not miss thy blow. [*Exeunt* Dur. *and* Spin.
Jul. } Thus far my Plots have with Success been Crown'd,
Sola. } Peace, Peace, Thou busy Voice of Conscience,
Ties of Friendship, Sentiments of Honour,
I mind you not, when Interest Commands;
Fortune declares for *Doria*—— There I fix.
Considering the sudden Turns of Chance,
Frail Woman's Nature, and false Men's Deceits;
Oh! Why did not some Kind, Indulgent Power
Grant to my Sex this special Priviledge,
That e're our Lips the fatal *Yes* pronounce,
Which (like a Magick Spell upon our Reason,
Conjures our Fortunes, and our Wits away)
We might all read in the large Book of Fate,
The various Lots to every Man assign'd;
And then our Hearts to them alone Engage,
Whom those Eternal Volumes had Decreed
To be for ever prosperous, and great.

Enter

Enter Durazzo *with a* Dagger *in his Hand, and* Pedro *who ſtands at a diſtance.*

Dur. 'Tis done, 'tis done, and now my Rage is Calm:
Oh! The Tranſporting Charms of dear Revenge!
Now boaſt of Victory, (Inſulting *Doria*)
Almira's Blood attones for all my Murd'red Friends.
Jul. weeps } Alas! Poor Princeſs--Tho' I nurſe thy guilt,
} I cannot keep theſe Tears for one, I lov'd.
Dur. to Julia. } One thing remains, my Vengeance to compleat;
} Be that thy Task—— To the Proud Victor fly,
And in the midſt of his Triumphing Pride,
Shew him this Steel ſtain'd with *Almira*'s Blood;
Tell him, that ſince I could not reach his life,
Thro' her perfidious Heart, I try'd to pierce his own
Promiſe, or Die——
Jul. Alas! I will Obey.
That *Doria* may not doubt *Almira*'s Death,
Aſide] I muſt ſtill Act the Hypocrite in Friendſhip.
She kneels to Dur. } Oh! grant, *Durazzo*, grant to ſorrowful *Julia*,
} The dear Remains of her unhappy Friend,
That ſhe may lie in decent Pomp of Sadneſs.
Dur. Darkneſs, and Silence favour thy deſign;
Be quick, and here take *Pedro* to aſſiſt thee. *Exit* Julia *followed by* (Pedro.
Now let me pauſe a while—— What ſhall I do
To make my Vengeance more Illuſtrious ſtill?
And to my Country leave a brave Remembrance,
He pauſes] Of this Day's Tragedy?——
Blow up the Fort?-- O lucky thought of Miſchief!
Let Friends be buried in the Noble Ruins.
Then in my Sloop, that's waiting in the Port,
I'll ſail away, fraught with my double Treaſure,
Almira's Casket, and my Dear *Blandina*:
I muſt o're Seas ſome happier Climate find,
And with that wanton darling of my Pleaſures
Enjoy in Peace the Fruit of all my Toil. *Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE Changes, to the Town;

A Place near the Fort.

At the farther end of the Scene is seen a Chappel shut up, supposed to be the Monumental Chappel of the Family of the Doria's.

Several Soldiers and Citizens of Barbarelli's *Party, with Swords drawn, as running away affrighted, cross the Stage.*

Sold. O Mercy, Mercy, Mercy. [*Exeunt.*
Cit. A Doria, a Doria, a Doria. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Barbarelli, *with Sword in Hand.*

Whither? Oh! Whither will those Traytors fly?
Who with Rebellious Throats Cry up the Cause
When it is Prosperous,—— But Damn the Cause
When we lose Ground, and Loyalty prevails:
See, see those Trumpets of Sedition, How they run?
Curst Hypocrites, True only to Hell;
Fool that I was to trust false *Spinola.*
He sees Julia coming. Am I deceiv'd?— No— 'Tis my faithful *Julia*, Relenting Fate has sent in my Distress
He puts up his Sword. This tut'lar Genius, to protect my Life.

Enter Julia.

Jul. not So, all that's left of once ador'd *Almira*,
seeing *Bar.* The Monumental Palace of the Dead
By *Pedro*'s Care will soon contain.
Now for my Conqu'ring, Prosp'rous Admiral:
I begin seriously to be in Love.
She sees Barb. Ungrateful Object!

Bar. Why turn you thus, my Love--- It is unkind,
Oh! Let me gaze on thy Victorious Charms,
Loose all my Griefs in Raptures of Delight,
For tho' my Fortune's lost--- * I Triumph here. [* *He offers to kiss her Hand, she puts him by scornfully.*

Jul. Your Fortune lost, How dare you talk of Triumphs?

Bar. Then I am Curs'd indeed—— Will you forsake me?
And Frown upon me, like inconstant Fortune?

Tho'

Tho' all the World should in my *Ruin* joyn,
Julia would still be constant in her Love.
Jul. Inconstant Fortune ever was my Guide;
Keep at a Distance, Sir, Poverty's Catching;
I hate the sneaking look of Misery.
Bar. Can this be true, Just Heav'ns!
Jul. 'Tis true, and prudent; Let us argue Calmly.
If all Events be fix'd by Fate's Decrees,
None but kind Fools, fond of their own undoing,
Will Fate oppose, and help a sinking Wretch,
Who by his Destiny is doom'd to Ruin.
Bar. Is this, (perfidious Maid) my Love's Reward?
Jul. We know that Love is but a pleasing Sound,
You use to Charm poor Woman into *Ruin*,
And that Self-Love's your Sexes darling Passion.
Beauties you Court, but 'tis to please your Fancies;
Languish for Heiresses, to mend your Fortunes;
Marry great Wits, to Credit your own Parts:
In all this,
Woman's the Jest, and Nonsence of your Love.
Bar. Say, rather, (athleſs and ungrateful Woman)
That when the Wealth is gone, which made thee Love,
The Love decays, which by the Wealth was fed.
Jul. Curse, Curse, thy Stars, and ne'er accuse my Heart;
We all are Born with some prevailing Passion,
Which drives our Wills, and over-rules our Choice;
Mine is to Shine in the high Sphere of Greatness.
Bar. Dost thou insult, (Sordid, Ambitious Monster)
Have you forgot the Sacred Word you gave me;
Think of the dreadful Tie of Solemn Oaths;
Remember how you Vow'd Eternal Love.
Jul. I Vow'd, 'tis true, my Faith to *Barbarelli*,
But I remember too,
It was to *Barbarelli* Conqueror,
And not to *Barbarelli* beaten;
Fight *Doria*, (if thou dar'st) regain thy Fortunes,
And then, (of Course) thou wilt regain my Love.
Bar. Do I then live, to be a Woman's scorn?
Fate cannot throw me lower.

Jul.

Jul. Rail on, (poor Slave) whilſt, full of pleaſing Thoughts,
I fly to meet thy glorious Conqueror;
Ten thouſand Hearts muſt on his Triumph wait,
And Mine the firſt of all—— [*Exit* Julia.
Bar. Baſe, ſordid Sex! Shame of the whole Creation!
*O horrid Sound!.. Lead me, Deſpair and Rage, [**Trumpet within.*
Where waſteful Death, and Deſolation reign. (*Exit* Barbar.
A noiſe of Trumpets.] *drawing his Sword.*
A ſhout within] Long live great *Doria*, Father of his Country.

Enter Doria, *follow'd by* Zinelli, Grimaldi, *and a Crowd of People.*

Dor. (turns to the Croud.) Enough, Enough, (my Fellow Citizens)
Be Loyal ſtill, and peacefully Enjoy
The welcome Bleſſings of this happy Change.
Croud going off] Long live great *Doria* Father of his Country!
Dor. to *Zin.* and *Grim.* Now my Friends Welcome, welcome to my Arms,
To you belong the Honours of this Triumph.
Grim. This glorious Change your Valour has atchiev'd.
Zin. Genoa preſerv'd by your Victorious Arms,
Muſt to Poſterity Record your Fame,
And in the Sacred Annals of our Times,
The Hero Celebrate, who ſtopt her Ruin.
Dor. Forbear, (my Friends) I have but done my Duty,
Virtue be my Reward—— I ask no more;
I never lov'd the flatt'ring ſound of Praiſe,
I owe my Life to *Genoa*—— Gratitude,
And not the proſpect of vain-glorious Honour,
Makes thoſe my Foes, that dare diſturb her Peace;
But ſtill the *Rebel* lives--- Go, brave *Grimaldi*,
Go, my *Zinelli*--- Try to find him out. [*Exeunt* Zin. *and* Grim.
Now on the Wings of Love, (bleſt *Doria*) fly,
Almira Calls!---- Oh! I'll not loſe one Moment,
I come, I come, my Princeſs--- [*As* Doria *is going, he meets* Julia *in Tears; he Starts back in great ſurpriſe.*
Julia return'd! How fares my dear *Almira*?
What mean thoſe Tears? (Good Heav'ns)
Jul. ſighs] Unhappy Fate! Oh!
Dor. A ſudden horrour over-caſts my Soul,
And all my Thoughts are diſmal,

Oh! Quickly tell, or wild Diſtraction kills me;
Say, Is ſhe ſafe?--- Is ſhe alive? Oh, ſpeak,
Jul. weeps] Alas! She is no more——
Dor. his Eyes fix'd on the Ground] *Almira* dead?
Jul. Oh! Why was *I* reſerv'd to ſee this day?
This day more dreadful, than Eternal night.
Dor. *Almira* dead? And I the wretched Cauſe?
No, there is not in the vaſt, howling Crowd
A Soul ſo black, and guilty as my own.

Enter Grimaldi.

Grim. O Mournful Tragedy! Oh *Doria*! O my Friend!
What killing ſound, what diſmal Change of Fortune?
Pedro was Seiz'd returning to the Fort,
Who frighted by the horrour of his Guilt,
Trembling Confeſt *Almira*'s Bloody Murder.
Dor. Then, then ſhe's gone, and all my Joys with her,
Mourn, mourn for ever, World——
Grim. Sad be the day,
In which ſuch glorious Innocence was loſt.
Dor. leans upon *Grim.* { Some pitying Friend ſupport me, or I ſink;
My trembling Knees under my Sorrow bend,
And cannot bear the weight: Oh! try to give me Eaſe,
The ſtrings of Life are looſe, and ſoon my Heart muſt break.
Be kind, and if you can, Encreaſe my Sorrows.
Tell me the worſt of dear *Almira*'s Fate,
Twill kill me ſure—— Then I ſhall be at reſt,
In the dark Womb of Earth.
Jul. Should from their hollow Vaults pale Ghoſts reſort,
To fill your Ears with hideous Groans and Shrieks,
The Sound to you would not be half ſo wounding
As this black Tragedy.
Dor. The killing Repetition will relieve me,
Life, will keep pace with the ſad, doleful Story
And, as you ceaſe to ſpeak, diſſolve away.
Jul. The Governor, that dark inhuman Traytor,
Enrag'd, the Rebels were all doom'd to Death:
Swore to Revenge their Blood on poor *Almira*.
Prodigious Cruelty!
Not all my pleading for her Innocence;
Not all my Tears, not all my Pray'rs for Mercy

Could

Could move the Tyrant-- * With this fatal Steel [*She ſhews* Du-
Stain'd, and ſtill reeking with her Royal Blood. (razzo's *Dagger.*

Grim. O Horrour! Horrour!

Dor. opens his Breaſt. Strike, (*Julia*) ſtrike, Behold my Boſom ready,
Here lodge the precious Relick of *Almira.*
Oh! My Heart leaps to meet *Almira*'s Blood.

Grim. Hide, hide it from his Sight——

Dor. Where muſt I look?
To find the Path, that leads to welcome Death?

Grim. How Fares it with my Friend?

Dor. Oh! Wondrous well!
For now I ſtand upon the Bounds of Life,
Ready to Launch into th' Eternal Deep:
Farewel vain gaudy Triumphs, Glorious Conqueſts,
And all the Pageantry this World Prides in,
To Earth I bend, from whence I firſt did ſpring;
Take, take thy Prey, (devouring Grave)——

Grim. My *Doria*?

Dor. (Dear *Grimaldi,*) ſoon I ſhall be no more;
By all the Love you ever had for *Doria*;
By all the Pity due to dying Friends;
Let my laſt Words Engage your Piety:
Honour the rich Remains of Dear *Almira,*
And thy poor *Doria*'s Duſt, with Fun'ral Pomp:
Oh! Let one Grave contain us, that our Aſhes
May mix below, as did our Souls above.

Jul. I ow'd that pious Duty to my Princeſs,
With moving Tears the Tyrant I entreated
Not to deny to poor afflicted *Julia*
The Relicks of her Friend——
Repoſited within thoſe rev'rend Walls, ſhe lies;
Where in Majeſtick Order ſtand around,
The awful Statues of your Anceſtors;
Behold--- Some hand the Sacred Gates unfolds.

Grim. 'Tis dreadful! *The Chappel opens, ſhews a Pallate cover'd with black, Mourners ſtanding about it. Round the Chappel are ſeen ſeveral Statues repreſenting ſo many deceaſed Heroes of* Doria's *Family.*

Dor. runs haſt. to the Pallate and cilngs about it. Here, here, let me Mourn my laſt,
Here let me pay the Tribute of my Sorrow:

Flow, preſſing Tears, and Bath the glorious Relick;
Thus I will Cling about this precious Shrine.
O *Almira*, my ever Lou'd *Almira*,
I ſeize thee thus, and make thee mine for ever.
Grim. Turn, turn, good *Doria*, from this mournful Object,
It is alas! too diſmal for your ſight.
Dor. Oh! Never, never, force me from my Love,
Fate ſhall not take this deareſt Treaſure from me;
Here I could ſtand, and petrifie with Grief,
Thus thus become a Monument of Sorrow;
Here let me end this miſerable life,
And you Majeſtick Ghoſts, (departed Heroes)
From whom alas! this wretched Breath I drew,
Receive within this hoſpitable Roof,
The laſt, and moſt unhappy of your Race.
Grim. I know, my Friend, the Greatneſs of your loſs,
I grant no Man had e're ſuch Cauſe to grieve.
Dor. Oh! I could fill theſe Walls with piercing Groans,
And rend the Sacred Vaults with Lamentations,
But I muſt not diſturb theſe peaceful Aſhes.
Sleep, precious Shade, and never wake to Sorrow,
Whilſt, here beneath thy Feet, thy *Doria* dies,
He lies down] Be Earth my Bed, where I may reſt for ever.
Grim. Paſſion, ſhould, (like a Vapour) paſs away:
When Nature, Friendſhip, Love have had their Courſe,
'Tis time for *Reaſon* to take place.
Dor. 'Tis *Reaſon* tells me, I muſt grieve for ever,
There is, alas! no Comfort, but in Death.
Grim. Hear, hear, my Voice——
Dor. *Almira*'s Voice is gone,
There is no Harmony in any other,
My beauteous Sun will riſe no more to chear me,
No Beams of Hope can ſhine--- End thy work, (Fate)
Canſt thou to greater Ills reſerve this life of Woe?
I feel Thee, (Death) I feel thee at my Heart,
O welcome *Remedy* of all my Griefs,
Sad Thoughts be now at reſt—— Farewell, (poor Earth.)
Grim. Tell us, you live, my Friend——

Dor.

Dor. I come, bleſt Saint, I come.
Jul. What ſhall I do to rouze his ſtupid Sorrow?
I'll mind him, by a falſhood, of his Vow——
Hear what with breaking Heart ſad *Julia* ſpeaks.
Dor. Oh! Let it be of Heav'n, or dear *Almira*,
For this poor World is nothing now to *Doria*.
Jul. As in my Arms th' Expiring Princeſs lay,
She talk'd of Bliſs, pray'd for her *Doria*'s Life,
And ſomething too confuſedly ſhe ſaid,
Of the Eternal Tie of Sacred Vows.
Dor. Ha! Did my dying Princeſs Name a Vow?
Jul. She did, alas! — Then, with a dying Sigh,
Bad me for ever love her Gentle *Doria*.
Dor. * Yes, dear *Almira*, you ſhall be Obey'd; [* *Starts up, and after ſome Pauſe ſpeaks paſſionately.*
Madam, my Term is fix'd--- few Minutes more
Compleat my Fate, and End this wretched life.
Jul. I judge of your Affliction by my own,
But ſtill----
Dor. In vain you'll try--- I know my Vow,
And I will not Die perjur'd to *Almira*,
'Twere high Impiety--- I'll meet you at the Altar,
In Pomp as Sad, and Mournful, as my Heart,
My hand I'll give you, which my Vow Engag'd,
But ne'er that Heart, her Love alone can claim.
Grim. Time to your Sorrow will afford a Cure,
And heal theſe wounding, melancholy Thoughts.
Dor. Never, (my Friend) the fatal Vow perform'd,
What have I more to do in this poor World?
This Labyrinth of Cares, and Scene of Woe?
I would not wiſh to live another day,
For all the Pomp, and gaudy Pride of Empires.
Lead me to the Temple,
I'll fill the Holy Place with *Repetitions*
Of my Eternal Truth to dear *Almira*,
Then, ready Victim, at the Altar bleed,
And fall a Solemn Sacrifice to Love. [*Exit* Doria, *leaning on* Grimaldi.

Jul.

Jul. ſola] Shall then his Death blaſt all my blooming hopes?
Curs'd be that thought!—— I'll meet him at the Altar,
And there prevent his horrid Reſolution.
Falſe Tears, deceitful Words, and all the Turns
Of Female Artifice, be now my Refuge.
For where good Arguments cannot prevail,
A Woman's Subtilty does ſeldom fail. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Fort.*

Enter Durazzo *and* Spinola, *with Swords drawn.*

Dur. BLandina Murderd?
Spin. Yes, Murder'd, Friend, and Barbarouſly Murder'd.
Dur. Revenge once more my Stormy Breaſt poſſeſs,
Come on, let's to that thirſty Deity
A thouſand Victims kill, glut her with Seas of Blood.
Know you the Murderer?
Spin. I know the Villain——
Dur. Name him, and he dies,
Spin, I will be juſt, and ſecond your Revenge,
But promiſe firſt, the Traytor ſhall not live.
Dur. If e're to Mercy he inclines my Heart,
May Thunder ſtrike me dead.
Spin. Then on thy head let all thy Curſes fall,
'Tis thy own hand has done the bloody Deed.
Dur. Perdition! Where am I?
Spin. And 'tis by me, by me thou wert betray'd,
When for *Almira*'s Blood thy raging Heart did burn.
Vile Traytor, couldſt thou think, I'd joyn with thee?
And be the Miniſter of thy wild Fury?
My timely Care her precious life ſecur'd,
I did thy Rage deceive, and in the Garden
Direct the blow to thy *Blandina*'s Heart.
Dur. Curs'd Hyppocrite, and didſt thou Cant for this?

Spin.

Spin. Then from the bleeding Maſs her hideous Head was ſe-
And thrown into the Sea—— (ver'd,
Dur. Help, help me, (Furies)
Think not thou Canting exquiſite, praying Villain,
An eaſie Death ſhall for thy Crime Atone;
No,— All the Tortures howling Fiends endure,
Seem yet too little for my full Revenge.
Within there.——

Enter four Soldiers.

Seize the Traytor.
Spin. Do, (Friends) as he Commands. [*The Sold. ſeize* Dur.
Dur. Rebels how dare you?
Spin. Thou art the Rebel; in great *Doria*'s Name,
We take once more poſſeſſion of the Fort:
The Injur'd Princeſs, in whoſe Death thou Triumph'ſt,
Sav'd from thy Rage, to thy Confuſion lives.
Dur. Monſter of Villany!
Spin. Away with the foul Traytor——
For *R*acks, and publick Infamy, reſerv'd,
In ſome dark Vault load him with maſſy Chains,
There let him Groan in horrour of his Guilt.
Dur. Hanging, (I find) muſt be my Deſtiny,
When e're Fate calls, be this my Dying Speech:
Good Souls beware of Canting Hyppocrites,
In all *R*ebellious Wars *R*eligion is the Breath,
That fills the Sails,--- but Int'reſt is the Compaſs,
By which Ambitious Knaves direct their Courſe
To Uſurpation, and Illegal Power.
Now, (Villain) do thy worſt. [*Exit* Dur. *guarded by the Sold.*

Enter Almira.

Alm. When ſhall I ſee the Darling of my Love?
Spin. The Tyrant's ſeiz'd, and all here own your Pow'r.
Alm. O *Spinola*, I owe my life to thee;
Spin. Innocent Virtue is the Care of Heav'n,
And 'tis to Heav'n you owe your Safety.
Alm. Believe my grateful Heart-- Whatever Fortune
Thy Wiſhes can Embrace, and *Doria* give,
Thy Zeal, and Loyalty ſhall now Command.
Spin. Succeſs is my Reward——

Alm. To Crown my Joy,
Conveigh me ſecretly to *Doria's* Palace,
I muſt ſurprize my dear, Victorious Lover,
And with *Almira's* Smiles adorn his Triumph,
Run ſwiftly, (Time) till that bleſt Minute comes,
That brings me to my Hero. [*Exit* Almira, *attended by* Spinola.

SCENE Changes, to the Town.

A Court before the Temple.

Enter Julia *with a Dagger in her Hand, follow'd by* Carina.

Jul. Oh! What a Scene of Horrour, and Deſpair!
Had not my Care the fatal blow prevented!
Car. I could not ſee thro' the vaſt preſſing Croud.
Jul. I tremble ſtill at the Amazing Thought;
No ſooner was the Holy *Rite* perform'd,
But *Doria*, (now my moſt afflicted Lord)
With Looks diſtracted at the Altar ſtanding,
Witneſs, ye Pow'rs, he cries--- And you, (my Friends)
Tell all the World, I was Juſt to *Almira*,
True to my Vow, and faithful to her Love:
This ſaid, he drew this Inſtrument of Death;
Offer'd to ſtrike, I ſnatch'd it from his hand,
Then pale, and trembling at his Feet I fell.
Car. Wondrous Deſpair!
Jul. No ſooner I recover'd,
But in ſoft Words of Tenderneſs and Love,
(With his beſt Friends) I ſtrove to Calm his Grief,
And to his Mind a happy Peace reſtore;
Deaf and Inſenſible to all we urg'd,
He call'd for Death, and chid that pious Care,
Which ſtopt the horrid project of his Mind.
Behold he comes--- What Eye alas! can ſee
That moving Object, and not melt in Tears.
[*Exit* Julia, *follow'd by* Carina.

Enter

Enter Doria *in a Mourning Habit, ſhewing a great Diſorder in his Looks, and Action, leaning ſometimes on* Zinelli, *ſometimes on* Grimaldi.

Dor. Whither, my Friends, Oh! whither will you lead mé?
Zin. Compoſe your Thoughts, we lead you to your Palace.
Dor. I have, alas! no Palace, but a Grave,
——Oh! why ſo ſlow, thou laſt relief?——
Grim. By the dear Name of Love,
By all the Ties of pure, and ſacred Friendſhip,
Pity the Tears of a fond tender Wife,
Whoſe ſad, deſpairing Heart muſt break with yours.
Dor. I have no Wife but Death, —in her cold Arms
My Griefs will ſleep, and never more awake.
Zin. Our Time is ſet, and fix'd, our Days are told,
And no Man knows the limits of his Life,
This Minute may be mine, the next another's,
But ſtill all Mortals muſt the Summons wait,
And not uſurp on the Decrees of Fate,
By haſt'ning their own Ends.
Dor. Fondneſs for Life, ſuch Thoughts as theſe inſpire.
Grim. Self-Murder, Nature and our Souls abhor.
Dor. What other Remedy has Nature left
For Ills beyond a Cure, but welcome Death?
Which ends our Sorrows, and our Joys begins.
Why ſhould the wretched live?—Sure partial Fate
Conceals from Men the happineſs of dying
To make 'em pleas'd with this amuſing Life.
Zin. Enjoy your Friends, and be by Them enjoy'd,
Be bleſt in them, as they're all bleſt in you.
Dor. I am not worth the pious care of Friendſhip,
Curſt as I am, to Miſery, and Sorrow,
What Bleſſing can I be? What Comfort give?
Better to die, than linger out in pain,
Uneaſie to my ſelf, a burden to my Friends,
Let Thoſe, the World calls happy, wiſh to live,
My Happineſs is, not to be.
Grim. Life is a Burden, and yet Death's a Terrour,
Dor. Not to a Mind loſt in deſpair, like mine,
The Terrours of my Thoughts are worſe than Death,

A laſting Torment, —Oh! for ſome skilful Pilot,
To ſteer this little Voyage of my Life,
And Land me ſafe upon the Peaceful Shoar,
I cannot bear theſe Storms.

Zin. Tho', Vulgar Souls may ſink under Misfortunes,
'Tis nobly great, and worthy Admiration,
To meet with Wondrous Courage, mighty Ills,
And ſtruggle with hard Fortune.

Dor. Oh how we doat on this poor thing call'd Life,
Even in Miſery? How Men will catch
At every little Twig, to hold 'em up,
And keep 'em ſtill from ſinking to their Reſt,
When I juſt touch that happy Shoar of Peace,
And ſee the Joyful Land of Bliſs before me,
Shall I poor Wretch wiſh for a Wind,
To throw me back on a Tempeſtuous Sea,
As if it were a Pleaſure to be toſt,
Or Men were fond of Storms, and Dangers?

Grim. This Age abounds with faſhionable Monſters,
Criticks in Vice, but Impotent in Vertue,
Such Burdens of the Earth, the World can ſpare;
Hero's born to tread the paths of Glory,
We ſtill revere, and ſtill enjoy in fear;
For, like the Sun, they Riſe,—but Set too ſoon;
Long may the World proclaim your Victories;
For 'tis your Fame, and Triumphs make us great,

Dor. Will future Fame my preſent Ills relieve?
What's Fame, my Friends, that flatt'ring, noiſie Sound,
But the bold Lie of Univerſal Vogue,
Thouſands of Men fall in the Field of Honour,
Whoſe Warlike Deeds die in inglorious Silence,
Whilſt Vaunting Cowards favour'd by Blind Fortune,
Reap all the Fruit of their ſucceſsful Toils,
And build their Fame upon their noble Ruines.

Zin. If future Fame has no prevailing Charms,
'Tis ſweet to live the Darling of the World.

Dor. Is it a pride, alas! to pleaſe a World,
Where honeſt Thoughts are a Reproach to Man,
Where Knaves look great, and groaning Vertue ſtarves,
A World of Madneſs, Falſhood, and Injuſtice,
Where Men poſſeſt with a true Britiſh Fury,

Eagerly

Eagerly thirſt after each other's Blood,
And their own Image cruelly deſtroy?
From ſuch a World, who would not be divorc'd?
Farewell then.

Grim. Think not your Friends can leave you to deſpair.

Dor. Are you my Friends, and yet refuſe me Comfort?

Zin. May Heav'n preſerve your Life!

Dor. This is unkind:
Oh! why would you prolong my wretched Life,
To give a larger Run to my Misfortunes,
When the next moment, I may be at reſt;
O cruel Pity!——O my dear *Almira!*
Muſt *Doria* live to ſay you are no more.

Grim. Once more, once more think of your Mourning Bride.

Dor. I do, my Friends,
I ſee her on the Battlements of Heav'n,
She calls for *Doria*, her beloved *Doria*,
There, not on Earth, my Glorious Bride expects me,
Where endleſs Bliſs, where Joys, and Pleaſures flow,
Where to compleat my Happineſs for ever,
I ſhall be bleſt with my *Almira*.

Zin. Hear, hear me ſpeak; ſee dear *Grimaldi*'s Tears.

Dor. Did ever I deny you any thing?
Oh! leave me but one moment to my ſelf.

Grim. Friendſhip forbids.

Dor. Nature with Grief, and bending Cares oppreſt,
Longs to lay down the Burden of her Woes.

Zin. O *Doria!* on my Knees I thus intreat you, [*Kneels to*
By me the Senate ſends, to beg your Life; Doria.
Your Country, but juſt now preſerv'd by you,
Muſt fall a Prey to Rebels if you die;
In pity to your ſelf, in pity to your Friends,
Give o'er theſe Thoughts of Sadneſs, and Deſpair,
And let your Soul liſten to words of Peace.

Dor. Dear Friend, forbear,——my Soul is on the wing,
And cannot liſten to a Mortal's Voice,
Farewel for ever. [*Exit.* Doria,

Grim. Let's follow, good *Zinelli*,—— *follow'd by his*

Zin. Bounteous Heav'n, *two Friends.*
Inſtruct us how to give him ſome Relief.

The Scene changes. Doria's *Palace.* *Enter* Almira.

Alm. What ſullen Fears intrude their Terrours on me?
Ceaſe, frightful Omens, to perplex my Soul,
And let my Thoughts be free for Extaſies of Joy,
Oh! the tranſporting Bliſs of meeting Lovers!
I thank thee, Fate, for all our Dangers paſt,
For they will raiſe our Happineſs to Raptures;
Come, my Victorious Lover,——why ſo long?
Theſe eager Arms are open to receive thee;
'Tis ſweet to find a Hero in a Lover,
And make his haughty Triumphs end in Fondneſs.
Sleep has not clos'd thoſe Eyes, ſince laſt we parted, [*She lies on*
Here will I reſt, till my dear Hero comes, *Couch and falls aſleep.*
And in ſoft Slumbers loſe the tedious Minutes. [*Soft Muſick.*

Enter Julia.

Jul. A Woman's Love, when bleſt with a Return,
Is peace of Heart, and overflowing Joy, [*Aſide.*
But ſlighted Fondneſs turns to furious Rage,
What wondrous Charms adorn'd *Almira*'s Face,
That *Julia* ſhou'd be thus deſpis'd?
Ha! is then Hell at Work?——her angry Ghoſt [*Shee ſees*
Comes to reproach me, for the Bloody Murder, Almira.
Confuſion! Does ſhe breath? ——I am betray'd,
Durazzo's turn'd a Friend to Innocence,
And falſe to my Revenge;
Curs'd be my Policy! That e'er I ſhould employ
Another Hand, to ſhed a Rival's Blood:
What muſt be done? I'll never ſtop at miſchief, [*She draws*
But take the hint th' Infernal Genius gives me, *a Dagger.*
And former Crimes by a new Crime ſecure,
Thus let her die, and never boaſt of Conqueſt. [*Shee's going*
to Stab her, but ſeeing Doria, *ſhe ſtops her Hand.*

Enter Doria.

Dor. I have deceiv'd their care, and now am free for Death.
[*Aſide, ſeeing neither* Julia, *nor* Almira.
Jul. Curs'd, curs'd Delay!— [*Throws the Dagger and goes off.*

Dor.

Dor. Who curſes my Delay? [*Aſide.*
Whoe'er thou art, I thank thee for the Curſe;
VVhat gone?——'Twas kind however,——Thus I ſeize thee,
And hug thee to my Boſom, till I die, [*He ſees the Dagger,*
Till thou, for ever, joyn'ſt me to *Almira*, *and takes it up.*

Alm. VVho calls *Almira?* [*Wakes, but ſees not* Doria.
Sure 'twas ſome Singing Angel broke my Sleep,
Or the ſoft Muſick of my *Doria*'s Voice.

Dor. Glorious Inhabitant of Heav'n, [*Aſide.*
From the bright Regions of Immortal Light
Look down,—To thee thy ever conſtant *Doria*
Is offering this Sacrifice. [*As* Doria *is going to ſtab himſelf,* Almira *riſes, ſees him, and runs to him in a great Tranſport of Joy, he ſinks in a Chair, as in a Swoon.*

Alm. 'Tis he! Oh! 'tis my *Doria*—— [*Runs to him.*

Dor. Heavens! Oh! O! [*Sinking in his Chair.*

Alm. Thus let me grow in my dear Lovers Arms,
Thus let me look on my Triumphing *Doria*,
And in theſe Raptures gaze my Life away:
Oh! Speak, my Love, alas! Exceſs of Joy
Has ſtruck too quick upon his raviſh'd Senſes,
I was to blame thus to ſurprize his Soul,
VVith the tranſporting, unexpected Pleaſure.

Dor. VVhy do'ſt thou, buſie Fancy, ſo delude me?
VVith fleeting Images of painted Air, [*Turns his Head about*
'Tis all Illuſion. *in a diſtracted manner.*

Alm. Oh! call my *Doria*, call thy wandring Soul,
Come to thy ſelf, and to thy dear *Almira*,
Fear not, my Life, I am no vain Deluſion,
Smooth with a Look the Terrours of my Breaſt,
Turn, turn thy Eyes, and chear me with a Smile,

Dor. Sure 'tis a Viſion, or I am a Fiend [*Aſide.*
Accurs'd to all the Horrours of Deſpair.

Alm. Can *Doria* then miſtake *Almira*'s Voice?
That tender Voice, that charm'd him into Love,
Haſt thou forgot that ſoft endearing Name,
Never in vain before pronounc'd?——
Oh! hear me ſpeak, I have a thouſand Things,
Moſt wondrous Things to tell, and all of Love.

Dor. *Cover me, Earth; take me, thou dark Abyſs,
To horrid Depth, as boundleſs as my VVoe.

*[*Sees* Almira, *then turns his Head again.*

Alm.

Alm. By all our mutual Sufferings, and Fears;
By all our Love, and our moſt tender wiſhes,
Damp not the Joy of this ſo happy Meeting,
Open thoſe Eyes, which firſt enflam'd *Almira*,
Tell her ſhe's ſtill the Object of thy Love,
Or thus I bend theſe drooping Eyes to Earth,
Sunk in Deſpair, and loſt in trembling Fears,
Till thy ſoft Voice does raiſe my Soul to Life.

Dor. Beſt, as the faireſt of your Glorious Sex,
Heav'n for great Vertue has rich ſtore of Bleſſings,
May all be pour'd upon your precious Head;
But Oh! I am a VVretch, a Perjur'd Villain,
Fly me, great Princeſs, never think of *Doria*,
I cannot bear your Sight, ——Eternal Curſes,
Confuſion, Shame, and Guilt, are all my Portion.
Take pity, Fates, and give me leave to die. [*Sinks again in his Chair.*

Alm. Explain this frightful Myſtery good, Heavens,
VVhy is my Lover perjur'd? —VVhy a VVretch?
VVhy in this Glorious Day, a Dreſs ſo diſmal?
Bear me, cold Earth, I am too faint to move,
Or in thy peaceful boſom, now receive me,
If I muſt hear my *Doria*'s ſtill Unhappy;
Deareſt of Men, thou Life of all my hopes, [*She Weeps.*
Pity theſe Tears, and do not torture me,
I cannot be thus Unreſolv'd, and Live.

Dor. Oh! O! [*Sighs.*

Alm. Alas! Thy heart will break, —tell me thy Thoughts,
Hug not a killing Sorrow to thy Breaſt;
Has Death depriv'd thee of ſome Friend thou lov'dſt?
'Twere ſad indeed, exceeding ſad, my *Doria*,
But ſtill thy fond, thy dear *Almira* lives,
And can't her Love afford Thee ſome Relief?

Dor. Death! Unkind Death, thou wilt now come too late,
Oh! O!

Alm. Give me that Sigh, Oh! why is *Doria*'s Grief
VVith partial care conceal'd from his *Almira*?
Dare you not truſt me? —I am that *Almira*,
VVho through the various Changes of your Fortune,
Has ſtill remain'd the Partner of your Fate,
Joyful, or Sad, as you were bleſs'd, or wrong'd:
I could have follow'd you e'en to the Grave;

Ah!

Ah! why this Change in my dear *Doria*'s Looks?
What have I done to forfeit all his Goodneſs?
I beg you on my Knees, believe me Innocent;
Guilty of nothing, but Exceſs of Love,
Of Love for you, —Oh! If this be my fault,
Forbid it, Powers, that I ſhould e'er Repent.
Dor. Let it be hid, and never be reveal'd, [*Riſes up.*
That fatal, horrid Secret of my Soul;
And Oh! If when kind Death has laid me down
In humble Duſt, you chance to hear my Story,
Curſe not my Memory —Impute to Fate
Your Wrongs, and my Misfortunes —Farewell, [Doria *offers to go,* Almira *ſtops him.*
Thou Injur'd Innocence, Farewel!
Alm. Oh! Never, never leave me, [*Clings to him.*
If I muſt die, Death's welcome in theſe Arms,
One Bleſſing of the Fates my Heart entreated,
The greateſt I can e'er enjoy on Earth,
It was to meet my *Doria*, —I'm now bleſt,
And muſt we part with ſuch deſpairing words?
It muſt not be: —Oh! comfort my poor Heart,
Take me, my Love, take me to thy dear Boſome,
For there I live, but torn from thence, I die.
Dor. Ceaſe, ceaſe, great Princeſs, to afflict your Soul,
Too ſoon, alas, you'll know that fatal Secret,
Which my ſad, breaking Heart dares not reveal,
Too ſoon you'll Curſe your Fond, Believing Love,
O Cruel Thought! O Diſmal parting!
The ſpiteful hand of Fate has got between us,
And thus for ever thruſts me from my Bliſs. [*Exit.* Doria.
Alm. ſola. Stay, Stay, my Life, —what gone? For ever gone?
Where dwells Deſpair? —For, there is now my Refuge,
Oh! I am Rack'd, torn with Imagination;
My *Doria* falſe! No,—Heavens, it cannot be,
Doria can never wrong his dear *Almira*;
Where, where's my Friend? My True, my Faithful *Julia*?
She'll fix my Thoughts,—Oh! I muſt ſee my Love,
I muſt, I cannot live, I'm wild, diſtracted,
Lead me to him, ſome kind Inſpiring Pow'r,
And let me learn at once his Secret, and my Doom. [*Exit.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Julia, *purſued by* Barbarelli, *with Sword in Hand.*

Jul. PRotect me, Heav'ns, —Oh! whither ſhall I fly?
Bar. Think'ſt Thou to 'ſcape, dark Miniſter of Hell,
Thou Fury ſent by the Infernal Councils,
To hurl Confuſion through the World?
Jul. Oh! Mercy, mercy, gentle *Barbarelli.*
Bar. Avenging Pow'rs, can that word Mercy flow
From ſuch a Cruel Monſter, as Thou art?
Falſe to thy Princeſs, perjur'd to my Love,
Thy proud Ambitious Heart knew no Reſtraint;
Periſh with Thee, the Fruit of all thy Crimes.
Jul. Oh! I ſee Fury flaming in your Eyes, —
Pardon the Fault of ſtrong prevailing Love.
Bar. Sorc'reſs, give not the gentle Name of Love
To Helliſh Plots, and horrid Works of Darkneſs,
By thy pernicious Arts my Friend ſeduc'd,
Extended on the Rack, Curſing thy Name,
With dying Groans has own'd thy Villanies,
By Thee perfidious Fiend, I was betray'd,
By Thee undone, and ſold to direful Ruine,
Horrid, as is thy Soul, be my Revenge;
But Oh! the Bloody Miniſters of Fate
Preſs hard upon me, —Here I'll ſtand my Doom,

Enter Zinelli, Spinola *with Soldiers.*

Zin. So periſh all the Traytors to their Country,
As I ſhall ſee proud *Barbarelli* fall. [*Runs at* Barbarelli.
Jul. Save, kind *Zinelli*, ſave poor *Julia's* Life.
Spin. There, —at a Rebel's Heart, — [Zinelli *and* Spinola *fight againſt* Barbarelli.
Bar. 'Tis done, 'tis done, [*Mortally Wounded.*
Through my deep bleeding Wounds Life flows apace,
Proud *Genoa* now may Triumph in my Death,

But

But *Julia* never shall, —Die, Traitress, die; [*He Stabs* Julia.
Die, cursed Author of this Bloody Scene,
And since Ambition was thy darling wish,
Go, and Reign Queen of the Infernal Shades. [Barb. *falls and dies.*

Jul. Oh! Thou hast Kill'd me, Barbarous Villain, [*Leans on one of the Soldiers.*

Zin. Terrour the yielding Faction will disperse,
To publick View the Traytor's Head expose;
Justice prevails,——Then from this happy Moment
Let's date the Peace, and Liberty of *Genoa.* [Barbarelli's *Body is carried off by the Soldiers.*

Jul. I faint, I die,—Oh! spare me, Death, one Moment, [*Falls.*
Then take me Cursing my detested Rival;
May she for Pleasure wish, and ne'er be blest,
May Shame, and Scandal, blast her Innocence,
May all her Love meet no return, but Scorn;
Or, if by Inauspicious *Hymen* joyn'd,
May frightful Apparitions haunt her Bed,
Infest her Joys, and damp her Nuptial Bliss.

Spin. Monster, has then Eternal Justice met thee?
Curs'd be the fatal Day, that gave Thee Birth,
In Cloud of Darkness let it still be hid,
And roll no more in the vast Rounds of Time,
Tearing Remorse, and never ceasing Vengeance,
Racks, Hell, and boiling Sulphurs be thy Lot.

Jul. No vain Remorse shall ever shake my Soul,
Ambition, and Revenge did guide my Heart,
When I Conspir'd against *Almira*'s Life;
Perish, thou *Spinola*, thou Traitrous Slave,
Whose dark hypocrisie my Plots defeated:
What Mist before my Eyes its Vapour spreads?
The Light is gone, and I am lost in Darkness. [*She Dies.*

Spin. O! dear *Zinelli*, what a wondrous Change!

Zin. What glorious Day on *Doria* smiles again?

Spin. Thus watchful Fate
Still working by unseen, mysterious ways,
Confounds the Projects of Ambitious Minds,
And on the Authors turns those Ills they fram'd.

Zin. Let's haste, my Friend, to our despairing *Doria*,
And change his Grief, for Joyful Thoughts of Peace.

Spin. Oh! May *Almira* liſten to his Voice,
May ſhe believe her *Doria* Innocent,
And all their VVoes be loſt in Love, and Fondneſs.
[*Exeunt* Zinelli *and* Spinola.

Scene Changes to an Apartment in Almira's *Palace.*

Enter Almira, Fidelia.

Alm. Thou haſt my Thanks,—Now bring the Cup, *Fidelia.*
[*Exit.* Fidelia.
The fatal Secret is at laſt reveal'd,
And *Doria*'s falſe, falſe to his dear *Almira*;
Hear this, O Heavens! Who heard his Vows before,
Alas! What's now become of Faith, of Vertue,
'Tis all a Specious Cheat,—Vain, empty Names,
Doria Unfaithful!
Oh! any thing but this, I could have bore,
And bore it for his ſake.

Enter Fidelia, *with a Cup in her Hand, which ſhe gives to* Almira.

Retire, and leave me to my private Thoughts.
[*Exit.* Fidelia.
Now farewell, Life, and all deluding Joys, [*She ſits in a Chair.*
Since *Doria*'s gone, you claim no part in me,
Come, boſome Friend,
Thou only Comforter of mighty Grief,
Touch my poor Heart into a gentle Sleep,
And let me be at Reſt,——at Reſt for ever. [*She drinks, then throws the Cup away.*

Enter Doria.

Shee turns and ſees Doria.
Ha! Is he come,——Juſt Heav'ns! Who could believe,
That ſuch a Face of Honeſty, and Goodneſs,
Is the fair outſide of a Treach'rous Heart?
Draw near, my Lord,——
Dor. Here at an humble diſtance.

Alm.

Alm. Sit down,——'tis poor *Almira's* laſt Requeſt,
Fear not, my Lord, I ſhall not keep you long,
My Time is ſhort, and, I know, yours is precious;
Can you forgive me that amidſt thoſe Raptures
Of Happy Love, which take up all your Soul,
In theſe Tranſporting Minutes of your Bliſs,
I keep you here, and interrupt the Joys,
The eager Joys of a fond, ſmiling Bride.

Dor. No Joy, no Peace a Guilty Wretch can find.

Alm. There was a time, my Lord, when pleaſing Thoughts
Made your Life flow in Innocence, and Peace,
Why is that Time no more?——

Dor. Fear and Remorſe
Have baniſh'd from my Mind that happy Peace.

Alm. Tell me, my Lord, what thinks your grateful Heart,
Of the *Athenian* Celebrated Hero?
Who from the fatal Labyrinth ſet free,
Owing his Fame, his Liberty, and Life
To the fond Love of a ſoft, tender Virgin,
The Danger paſt, forſook her for another,
Was it well done, my Lord, to ſlight her thus?
She was a Princeſs too.——

Dor. 'Twas Baſe, Ungrateful.

Alm. Take heed, my Lord, do not pronounce too ſoon,
The Story's yours, if you but change the Name.

Dor. Give me the worſt of Names, call me foul Traytor,
Poyſon me, ſtab me, with my Dying Breath,
I'll tell the World; 'twas but an Act of Juſtice.

Alm. Tell, tell the World, Ungrateful Perjur'd Man,
Of all my Care, and Unregarded Love,
How for thy ſake, I choſe Inglorious Bondage,
And hugg'd the Fetters, which thy Hands reſign'd;
I bluſh to own it,——Thou haſt been to me
The Hope, the Joy, the Bleſſing of my Life,
I never had one ſingle Wiſh beyond thee,
Almira's Thoughts were full of *Doria*,
Whate'er I ſaw, ſtill *Doria* was in Proſpect:
Is it a Triumph for a Hero's Pride,
To Vow, and Flatter, that he may deceive,
And break a tender Womans Heart?
Poor Victory, my Lord,——

Dor. If Injur'd Goodness
Can yet consent to hear a pleading Wretch,
False, as I seem, I may deserve some Pity,
Since all my Guilt is the dark Work of Fate.
Alm. Fate's but the mean Excuse of Vulgar Souls,
To see Thee safe, a thousand Vows I made,
I see thee safe, but I don't see thee mine,
And will you say this is the Work of Fate?
False, and deluding Man, 'twas your own choice.
Dor. My Heart can Witness how I hate the Light,
And that I could in humble Silence die,
Pleas'd with the Thought of my own Innocence,
But Oh! 'tis worse than Death, the World to leave,
Unjustly thought the Author of your Wrongs.
Alm. Unjustly thought?——Oh! could that be, my Lord,
But 'tis in vain to hope.
Dor. What Guard is there against Perfidious Friends?
Julia the fond, the kind protesting *Julia*,
Bore a false Heart, and ruine in her Smiles.
Alm. Speak on, my Lord,——If *Julia* did betray me,
Had not her Heart a Partner in the Guilt?
Dor. None but *Durazzo*, that Inhumane Rebel,
Pride, and not Love made her your Secret Rival,
Her working Jealousie enflam'd that Traytor
In dire Revenge to Sacrifice your Life,
O Blest Mistake! The Monster thought it done.
Alm. Is there no Faith? No Friendship upon Earth?
Dor. With false, deceitful Tears your Death she mourn'd,
Judge of my killing grief,
I soon resolv'd to leave this hateful World,
But Oh! The Trait'ress nam'd my fatal Vow,
In sad Despair the Altar I approach'd,
There to obey your last Command, and die,
My Hand I gave, but my protesting Heart
Kept ever fix'd in dear *Almira*'s Love.
Alm. Hear all ye Pow'rs, my Lover's not Unfaithful;
[*Rises in a great Transport of Joy.*
Proclaim it to the World, thou busie fame,
That *Doria*'s true to his *Almira*.
Pardon, my Love, pardon a Womans Rashness;
Oh! I could tear my Heart,——That Jealous Heart,

That

That durſt ſuſpect my *Doria* could be falſe,
Thus bleſt, thus ſatisfied, I'll calmly die.
Dor. Dream not of Death, but think of coming Joys,
Julia's no more, that Cruel Monſter's Dead,
Plung'd in the Horrours of Eternal Night,
She groans under the preſſure of her Guilt,
A glorious Day of Bliſs breaks forth upon us,
The Storm is paſt, and all is Love and Peace.
Alm. Theſe are, alas! but flatt'ring Dreams, that pleaſe,
But vaniſh in a Moment,——
Dor. Why, why ſo ſad *Almira?*
Oh! may you never ſee a Mournful Day,
May ſoft Content dwell ever in your Breaſt,
Alm. No true Content this empty World can give,
What's Pleaſure, but an Interval of Woe?
Juſt as Man's Joys begin, his Life is done,
And all his Hopes are loſt in ſilent Death,
Yes, *Doria*, we muſt part,——
Dor. Recall my Princeſs,
That killing Sound, leaſt at your Feet I die.
Alm. In vain, in vain,——ſuch is our cruel Fate,
That we ſhould love, but never ſhould be happy,
A fatal Draught
Which black Deſpair prepar'd for my Relief,
Will ſoon conſume my Life.——
Dor. Help, help, ye Pow'rs.
Alm. Oh! ſtay to cloſe thy dear *Almira*'s Eyes,
Alas! Next Moment I may be no more.
Dor. Heav'ns! Muſt I ſee ſuch Innocence Expire?
Fall to the Ground, thou tott'ring Frame of Clay, [*Throws himſelf on the Ground at* Almira's *Feet.*
Preſs, preſs me down——Thou load of Miſery,
Thus, thus I'll gnaw the Bowels of the Earth,
And dig a Grave, deep as the vaſt Abyſs,
To bury all my Woes,—I'll tear, I'll tear theſe Eyes
Rather than ſee a Spectacle ſo diſmal.
Alm. Oh! Let me live in Thee, when I am gone
Promiſe you will, for then I'll die in Peace.
Dor. Juſt Pow'rs, if Vertue be your chiefeſt care, [*Looks up.*
Oh! look in pity on my dying Princeſs,

Take all the Pride of my dear purchas'd Fame,
Take all my Victories, and fruitleſs Honours,
Take my own Life, but give me dear *Almira's*,
And bleſt in that I'll thank you for my Death.

Alm. When hard Affliction preſs'd upon your Soul,
My Life alas! was but a Scene of Sorrows,
I wept, I pray'd, I wiſh'd for Victory,
Victory's come, but I muſt loſe my *Doria*,
Part with my Innocent, my Faithful *Doria*.

Dor. Oh! Never, never let me ſee that Moment,

Alm. Yes, we muſt part, to be for ever bleſt,
There is a better World, where we ſhall meet,
And take our Fills of never-fading Joys,
Be careful of thy Life,——Grieve not for me,
For I am going to my place of Reſt,
Thoſe, thoſe, alas! Are only to be pity'd,
Whom Heav'n confines to this poor World of Sorrows.

Dor. For you alone I liv'd, with you I'll die.

Alm. No,—Live to tell the World how much I Lov'd Thee,
How pleas'd with *Doria's* Innocence, I dy'd,
It is my laſt Deſire,——Give to my Mem'ry
Some Sighs of Pity, and ſome Tears of Love.

Dor. Oh! Death be kind, and let me firſt Expire.

Alm. By all our Hopes of Bliſs, I charge Thee, Live
When I am Landed in the Realms of Glory,
I'll look with Pleaſure down to ſee my *Doria*;
I'll hover round thy precious Head to guard it,
And keep thy Life from harm,——Farewell, my Love,
Farewell, Farewell,——Here take me to thy Breaſt,

[*She leans on his Breaſt.*

To Sleep away theſe poor Remains of Life,
And wake no more, but to Eternal Joys.

Dor. Thus let us die in the ſoft Arms of Love,
Thus let our Souls unite, our Sighs be mix'd,
And with our dying Breaths our Fates lament.

Alm. Two Lovers never, never lov'd ſo well.

Dor. Nor ever two were more Unfortunate,
Almira poor *Almira!*——

Alm. Heav'n reward thy pity,
Thou only Bleſſing I ſhall leave on Earth.

Dor. One Look, my Love, Oh! to our dying Moment,
Let me behold my ever dear *Almira.*

Enter Fidelia, *who ſtands unſeen at a diſtance.*

Alm. Sure thou haſt Charm'd the Poiſon's killing pow'r,
'Tis Life to look on thee.
Dor. And Death, to think the fatal Moment's near.
Fid. Diſmiſs your Fears, great *Doria*, bounteous Heav'n
[*Comes forward.*
Has ſav'd her Life, to recompence your Love.
Dor. What ſays *Fidelia*, will my Princeſs Live?
[*Riſes in a great Tranſport of Joy.*
Repeat, dear Maid, repeat the Charming Sound,
And I am happier than Triumphing Monarchs,
Loſt in Delights, and Raptures paſt expreſſing.
Fid. Yes, yes, to Heav'n, and poor *Fidelia*'s Care,
You owe your dear *Almira*'s Life,
Trembling, and pale my Princeſs in deſpair,
To end her Griefs a burning Draught prepar'd,
Thanks to kind Fate, ſhe left it in my pow'r,
I ſpilt the Poiſon, and into the Cup
Pour'd ſome reviving Drops——
Dor. There ſpoke the Voice of Heav'n.
Alm. Do we then live to be together bleſt?
Dor. Through all my Soul the kindled Joy diſpers'd,
Keeps in my Thoughts, and I am loſt in wonder,
O! my *Almira!*
Alm. O my Love! My *Doria!*
After the tedious Miſeries of Life,
How ſweet's the Joy? How welcome is the Pleaſure
Which all our Fears and Dangers does ſucceed,
And had I worſe endur'd?
This ſingle Minute recompenſes all.
Dor. Here let me live, in theſe dear circling Arms,
Is all my Mind can wiſh, and all my Heart can love.
[*Embraces* Almira.

Enter

Enter Zimelli, Grimaldi, Spinola.

Zin. Pleaſure and Joy, thus ever meet your Wiſhes.
Grim. With Mutual Love, and Never-ending Fondneſs.
Dor. Once more, once more, moſt welcome to my Arms,
[*Runs to his Friends and Embraces them.*
O my *Zinelli!* O my deareſt Friends
Moſt welcome all!——'f the tranſporting Thought
Of happy Love did e'er affect your Souls,
Help m to bear my Extaſies of Joy,
Or I ſhal ſink beneath the mighty pleaſure.
Zin. Th Joyful News by *Spinola* declar'd,——
Dor. Oh! 'Twas Good *Spinola*, 'twas Kind *Fidelia*
Preſerv'd that Glorious Life,——Inſpire me Heav'n,
What muſt I do to recompence their Zeal.
Spin. Long may my Princeſs, and great *Doria* live,
Live in each other bleſt, that's all I wiſh.
Zin. Let this Day be a Day of Triumph.
Grim. Let *Genoa* ſmile with Univerſal Joy.
Spin. Let pleaſing Mirth in every Boſome ſpring.
Dor. And through the Vaulted Skies *Almira*'s Praiſe reſound,
Prepare this Palace, let it be adorn'd
With all the Splendour of my Envy'd Wealth,
This Glorious Day ſhall light our Happy Nuptials.

Yes, Vertue's Triumph this Great Day ſhall prove,
And ſhine with double Pomp of Victory and Love.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

THE
Princeſs of Parma.
A
TRAGEDY.

THE

Princess of Parma.

A

TRAGEDY.

THE
Princeſs of Parma.
A
TRAGEDY:
As it is
Acted at the New Theatre
IN
Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

By H. Smith, *Gent.*

Semel Inſanivimus Omnes.

LONDON:

Printed for *Joſeph Wilde*, at the Elephant at *Charing-Croſs.* MDCXCIX.

THE

Princess of Parma.

A

TRAGEDY:

As it is

Acted at the New Theatre

IN

Little Lincolns-Inn Fields.

By H. Smith, Gent.

Sunt lachrymæ rerum.

LONDON:

Printed for Joseph Wilde, at the Elephant at Chancery-Lane. MDCXCIX.

PROLOGUE.

IN various Shapes our Theatres have ſhown,
The reigning Sins, and Follies of the Town;
And if Nice Criticks do the Stage reprove,
'Tis for thoſe Ills, we Labour to remove:
Yet all our Satyr, (for your good deſign'd)
Serves but to make your Lewdneſs more refin'd:
Ideots in Virtue, but in Miſchief Wiſe,
You Damn the Moral, and Engroſs the Vice:
E'en proud, aſpiring Cits, are grown ſo Vain,
They Aim at Vice, to Mimick Gentlemen;
Turn Coxcombs, Beaux, and (in a Fop's diſguiſe)
Steal, (with a Clap) Repentance by Surpriſe.
Againſt ſuch Odds, an Author trys, (this Day)
The bold Experiment of a Chaſt Play;
Let Wit redeem the Scandals of our Age,
And Virtue Reign Triumphant on the Stage;
Then will the Muſe's Golden Age return,
When Senſe, and Decency our Scenes Adorn;
When modeſt Laws reſtrain licentious Plays,
And what Fools Write, ſome greater Fools don't Praiſe
To you, bright Stars, our Poet does ſubmit,
Sov'reigns of Love, and Oracles of Wit:
To you belongs to Cenſure, or Approve,
Since there's no Wit, but what's Inſpir'd by Love.
To pleaſe the Fair, has been his chiefeſt Aim,
And beyond your Applauſe he Courts no Fame;
At your Tribunal, let him Mercy find,
Smile on his Hopes, and as you're Fair, be Kind.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Written by Mr. *Motteux.*

JUST now, where I asleep shou'd only seem,
I Slept indeed, and had a frightful Dream:
I Dreamt, this House, for want of due Support,
Once more was turn'd into a Tennis-Court;
Methought——
Our Neighbouring Foes Unrivall'd now Commanded,
And most of the Stage-Forces were Disbanded:
Some of the Men, to Strole, were gone together;
Some of the Women to Act—— Heaven knows whither:
Stage Wars were ceas'd, both Houses shrunk to One,
And all Expensive Foreigners were gone.
No Gentleman, or Volunteer of Ours,
Acted for his Diversion, scarce for Yours.
No kind Cabal appear'd in Shining Rows,
To Line the Front, and either Wing, with Beaux.
No Sum was given, fam'd Monsieurs to Engage,
To leave the French *to Flutter on our Stage;*
Nor wou'd the House, to Bribe you with New Fancies,
Give ten times Thirty Pounds for Thirty Dances.
Five Hundred Guineas were not given this Season,
To Please your Ears and Mortifie our Reason.
Nor were the Fair so fond of Musick grown
To be Diverted with the Voice Alone.

For

For want of Choice, methought ſome Curs'd the Players,
Some went to Puppet Shews— Nay, ſome to Prayers:
No Rake cou'd Jaunt from Houſe to Houſe for Doxies,
And what was worſe, No Beaux cou'd Bilk the Boxes.
But Drudging Players were Bilk'd of half their Pay,
All Poets of their Sixth, and ſome of their Third Day:
With Uncomb'd Wigs, pale Looks and meagre Miens,
Walking like Ghoſts behind the Gloomy Scenes;
Deſponding, Poor, from Year to Year to Year Delay'd,
Few Plays Reviv'd, and ſcarce a good One Play'd.

Well, SIRS,

How think you this wou'd pleaſe the Town?
Tis what you muſt Expect, if we go down;
Dreams uſe to go by Contraries, you'll Cry.
But grant ye Powers, this mayn't prove True, ſay *I.*

Then Rouze, ye generous Patrons of the Stage,
For your own Sakes, now in our Cauſe Engage;
If We our Freedom, You your Pleaſure Quit;
Keep then from Slav'ry the free State of Wit:
Our Rivals, when you prop us, need not Grumble,
You know the way, to make, and keep us Humble.

Dram-

Dramatis Perſona.

MEN.

Doria,	The Famous Admiral of *Genoa*, Reſtorer of his Countries Liberty,	Mr. *Betterton*.
Zinelli,	Two Noblemen in *Doria*'s Intereſt againſt the Faction,	Mr. *Scudamore*.
Grimaldi,		Mr. *Arnold*.
Spinola,	A Loyal Officer, who joyns with the Faction to ſerve *Doria*,	Mr. *Thurmond*.
Barbarelli,	Generaliſſimo of the Armies of the Genoeſe, Head of the Popular Faction,	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
Durazzo,	A Cruel, Mercenary Villain, Governor of the Fort for the Rebels,	Mr. *Freeman*.
Six Senators.		
Pedro,	*Durazzo*'s Lieutenant.	
An Officer.	Under *Barbarelli*.	

WOMEN.

Almira,	A Princeſs, Siſter to the Duke of *Parma*, in Love with *Doria*,	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Julia,	An Ambitious, Revengeful Woman, who under the pretence of Friendſhip, ſeeks *Almira*'s Ruin,	Mrs. *Barry*.
Fidelia,	One of *Almira*'s Attendants.	Mrs. *Martin*.
Carina,	—*Julia*'s Woman.	

Scene, GENOA.

THE Princeſs of Parma.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Barbarelli, Durazzo, Spinola, *Officer.*

Bar. FOrbear, good *Spinola*, their Doom's Decreed;
My Countrys Liberty, our private Wrongs,
And the loud Cries of a tumultuous Crowd,
Demand this Solemn Juſtice at our hands:
Lead in the Priſoners. [*Exit Officer.*

Dur. Let Tyrants fall, and Liberty return.

Re-enter Officer, leading Six Senators in Chains.

Bar. See all, that's left of our great Senate's Pride;
Fantoms of State, and Pageants of an hour;
Who, Born to Serve, Uſurp the Reins of Empire,
And rais'd above the Sphere of lawful Pow'r,
Like giddy *Phaeton*, for want of Skill
Would ſet the World on Fire,—— Plodding Rebels!

1 *Sen.* Rebels, To whom?

Bar. To the prevailing Pow'r——
Thanks to the Tut'lar Genius of my Country,
That happy day of Liberty will ſhine,
Which your dark Politicks have long Eclips'd;
Genoa no more ſhall Groan under Oppreſſion,
Nor Rev'rend Knaves inſult from a Tribunal:
We ſpare your lives, but Baniſh you for ever.

2 *Sen.* Audacious Villain! We deſpiſe thy Mercy,

Think'ſt thou, we can out-live our Countries Ruin;
Perfect thy bloody Conqueſt with our Deaths.

Dur. Lay to your Crimes the Ruin of your Country.

Bar. What are the Fruits of your Ambitious Pride?
Awful Religion made a gainful Art,
Our Sacred Laws bent to your private Luſts,
And Juſtice loſt in Arbitrary Power;
Theſe publick Ills our Councils muſt reform.

3 *Sen.* Zealots in Miſchief, Monſters in Diſguiſe;
Do you then give, like Hypocrites of old,
To bloody Plots, the Name of Reformation?
That eaſie Fools may Reverence the Cheat,
And think, they muſt be Traytors, to be ſav'd?

4 *Sen.* Sly impious Jugglers betwixt Heav'n and Hell
Still pretend Conſcience, to act Villany;
Seem honeſt to deceive, and humble to devour;
Rebels in Heart; they artfully put on
A pious Face, to gain more Strength for Miſchief.

Bar. This is a time for Action, not Debate——
Dotards be gone, —— on forfeit of your lives
Be ſeen no more within the Walls of *Genoa*.

1 *Sen.* A day will come. ——

Bar. I'll hear no more. — Away. [*The Senators are led off by the Officer.*
Now *Doria* falls a Sacrifice to Peace;
He dies, my Friends, that haughty Tyrant dies,
Who placing all the Power in the Nobles,
Uſurp'd our antient fundamental Rights.

Spin. Forbid it, Fates! That ever ſo much Virtue
Should be Eclips'd in Death!—— That our great Admiral,
Made famous by a thouſand Victories——

Bar. Mark me well, *Spinola*, I deem that Man
A Traytor to our State, who pleads for Mercy.
Why this ridiculous Canting out of Seaſon?
Wilt thou plant Honeſty in this baſe World?
Where it can never thrive—— The Soil is Curs'd
To bear no Crop, but fruitful Villany.

Dur. I hate ſuch Trimmers between Good and Evil,
They're a ſtrange monſtrous Brood,—— Scrupulous Thinking
Couples with their Knav'ry, and begets Folly:

I never ſaw a ſneaking Raſcal
Cut a Man's Throat, but firſt would ſay his Pray'rs.
Spin. Pardon this reſt of Pity for a Hero:
And now, my Conquering, my Noble General,
Who, like a Roman Tribune, haſt ſet Bounds
To the high flights of our Patrician's Pride;
Thou, greater Hero, famous *Barbarelli*,
I'll dare for Thee what Loyal Zeal inſpires.
Bar. Spoke like a Man of Honour, and a Friend.
Spin. *Doria* muſt fall, his Greatneſs is his guilt;
Yet, like true Hypocrites, let's Save Appearances,
Not Murder him without ſome Form of Law.
Dur. Murder will then appear an Act of Juſtice.
Bar. Next, we'll Redreſs all Grievances of State;
Admit no Senators without Beard, or Senſe;
Baniſh all Judges, Traytors to the Laws;
All Admirals, who never go to Sea,
But when there is leaſt Danger, and moſt Profit.
Dur. Let's Level all Conditions to our own.
Why ſhould we ſuffer uſeleſs, gaudy Drones,
Nurs'd up in Softneſs, and in Pleaſures drown'd,
To Lord it ore us? —— They've long rioted
In Eaſe and Luxury, —— 'Tis now our turn.
Bar. Some ſecret Friends to *Doria* ſtill remain.
Dur. Let's make ſure work; The Dead ne'er fight again;
Cut off one Head, to ſave a thouſand Lives:
Next, to keep up the Courage of your Troops,
Ranſack the Treaſury, diſperſe the Spoil,
Let rich Extortion bleed, —— Spare not Uſurers,
Plunder their Souls, you'll find 'em in their Bags:
Then, in the People's Name, let's take Poſſeſſion,
And be all Lords Protectors of the State.
Spin. What Friends have we to ſecond our deſign?
Bar. Thouſands of all Complexions, and Degrees;
Old juggling Senators, expell'd for Brib'ry;
Depending Knaves, who fret to loſe their Penſions;
Disbanded Officers, who Curſe the Peace;
Politick Heads, who wiſh for Revolutions;
Rich City Fools, who want ſome place of Honour;

Courtiers in Debt, who want some place of Profit;
With all the pious Sons of wealthy, gouty Fathers,
Who fain would cut their Throats, to Ease their Pains.

Dur. Lead on brave General, lead on to Plunder,
I'll ne'er forsake the Cause.

Bar. Now go, my *Spinola*; Enflame Sedition;
Let not a Qualm of Loyalty destroy
What is so nobly done.——

Spin. I Answer for my Friends,
All fighting Saints, and Veterans in Ill,
Fear not; A fit of squeamish Honesty
Will never Pall their Appetite to Mischief;
Luscious Rebellion they digest with Ease. [*Exit* Spinola.

Dur. See, a fair *Amazon*, comes to be listed.

Bar. 'Tis *Julia*, Friend; The Charmer of my Soul.
Prepare, this Night, to Celebrate our Nuptials,
Thy sweet *Blandina* too must grace the Pomp.

Dur. With Pride and Joy that Honour she'll receive.

Bar. Look to thy Prisoner——

Dur. My Life for his. [*Exit* Durazzo.

Enter Julia.

Jul. Fortune has heard my Vow's, —— Not all the Glory
The Rising Sun over the World displays,
Can strike my Senses with such pleasing Joy,
As fills this Breast, to see my Conqueror.

Bar. O *Julia*! O my Life! My only Blessing,
Judge of the transports of my Soul by yours;
Ambitious *Doria*, Rival of my Fame,
Yields to my Arms — Fortune has crown'd my wishes;
But can I hope, that Love will be as Kind?

Jul. Why this distrust, Injurious to my Heart?

Bar. All hopes of Bliss, are ever mixt with Fears.
This is the Day, the joyful Day, fair *Julia*,
So long wish'd for by your Adoring Lover,
Those precious Lips a thousand times have Swore,
"If e're the Fates fix Fortune to thy Arms,
"*Hymen* shall Crown thy glorious task of War.
That time, my Love, that happy time is come.

Julia.

Jul. Is this a time to talk of *Hymen's* Joys,
When all is hurl'd in Tumult and Confusion?
'Twere an Ill Omen, sure, our hands to join,
When yours are dipp'd in Blood——
Grant me one day, that's but a short reprieve,
When so much Bliss, or Woe, depends upon it.

Bar. One day's an Age, in the Account of Love.

Jul. Nature to Woman gave the Sovereign Sway,
But over-ruling Love our Sex dethrones;
No sooner Marriage has engag'd our Vows,
But we resign the Empire of our Wills;
This day is mine,——Let me Command this day,
To morrow will be yours.——Hear you the Sound?
Oh! What new Dangers multiply our Fears!

[A Sound of Trumpets within.

Bar. My Country calls for Liberty, and Peace.
Here let me Seal, my Dear, Eternal Love. *[He kisses her hand.*

Jul. Farewell, my Hero!

Bar, Remember, Oh! Remember to morrow. *[Exit* Bar.

Julia Solus.

On this important Day my Choice depends:
If *Doria's* ruin'd, *Barbarelli's* mine,
If *Barbarelli* falls, *Doria's* my Hero;——
To him my Love, and wishing Thoughts incline,
But o're fond Love, Ambition must prevail,
I'll watch their Fates, and keep my Heart in Balance,
Let Fortune turn the Scale,——

Enter Zinella.

Zin. Unhappy *Doria!*
Oh! The uncertain State of human Things!
Last week Invested with a Monarch's Pow'r,
Now in the Fort, (like some poor Wretch,) confin'd.

Jul. Your *Doria* then is made the Sport of Fortune?

Zin. Forbear, forbear, 'tis Barbarous t' insult,
And triumph in the ruin of my Friend;
Great *Doria* once had your Esteem, and Love,
How soon, alas! How soon your Heart is chang'd!

Jul. 'Tis fickle Fortune changes, (not my Heart)
I must conform to Fate, which first has chang'd.

Zin.

Zin. The ancient Family, which gave you Birth,
The *Foscarini's* ever acted nobly
For *Doria's* Interest, against the Faction.
Oh! Can you slight their Friend, because in Bonds?
Ungen'rous Maxim! False, Inconstant World!

Jul. I value Friends, as Misers do rich Medals,
Not for the Stamp they bear,
But for their Worth, or real Gain they bring.

Zin. Sordid Philosophy! When skilful Nature,
Into our Forms the Masks of Life infuses,
She sets her noblest Stamp upon a Hero.

Jul. In *Doria's* Life, a thousand Virtues shine;
Fame speaks him Noble, Generous, and Kind;
Courteous, and Affable, Temp'rate, and Just,
Prudent in Council, and in Action bold;
But Oh! One Vice Eclipses all his Virtues,
For 'tis a Vice, (with me) to be Unfortunate.

Zin. A happy Calm may this black Storm succeed,
And smiling Fate his Liberty restore,
With all the Pomp and Splendour he enjoy'd
Should Fortune change, and favour our Designs,
What would you do? —

Jul. The Question's soon resolv'd;
I'd change with Fortune too, and Love again:
Till then, to nobler Souls, my Heart resigns
The fruitless Honour of poor, gen'rous Love.

Zin. Virtue, (tho' hard oppress) is Virtue still:
If a Man's Honesty were always measur'd
By the deceiving Rule of outward Fortune,
The Good, (in humble Rags) would pass for wicked,
And prosp'rous Vice assume the Name of Virtue.
Whatever Doom is for my Friend Reserv'd,
I'll try this day, what Period to his Wrongs
The Angry Fates have fix'd. —

Jul. But still *Almira*, Gen'rous, fond *Almira*,
Who in that War, which threatn'd *Parma's* ruin,
Fled to this City as a place of Refuge,
Out-does your mighty Friendship with her Love;
For, to put life into your Soldiers Hearts,

She ſcatters that prodigious Maſs of Wealth,
The Duke her Father left her. ——

Zin. And who can blame her Paſſion for a Hero?
Eſteem's a Tribute, which all Gen'rous Minds
Still pay to Virtue——And Eſteem, you know,
Fix'd in a Woman's Heart, ſoon turns to Love.

Jul. I know it not—Virtue, (in my Opinion)
Is but a gaudy Dream, a glorious ſound,
That never could my wary Soul deceive;
Ambition is my Love, and *Cupid* but my Fool;
Let wiſhing Maids ſigh, languiſh, and grow Pale,
Who, for that fooliſh Toy, Man's Heart,
That Childiſh, trifling Deity Adore——
I know no Charm, but ſolid Greatneſs.

Zin. Virtue's a Charm in fair *Almira's* Eyes,
That beauteous Form, whom Nature, in her Pride,
Fram'd, for the World to gaze upon, and Love,
Finds all can Charm her in my Captive Friend.

Jul. Love, is her Reaſon; Intereſt, is mine:
Were I that wretched, ſimple thing, call'd Bride,
Led to the Altar, free to give my Hand
To One, whoſe Fortune had Enflam'd my Love,
Tho' he was Kind, and Fond, as I could wiſh;
Had I that moment, a new Offer made me,
Of ſome more ſplendid Fortune,
I'd bid the Prieſt go on, but Change the Name,
I would renounce all former Thoughts and Vows,
And tell my new-born Lover——I am thine.

Zin. Oh! See the Princeſs in ſad Pomp appears.

Jul. Now darling Virtue of my Artful Sex,
Diſſimulation, help me——

Enter Almira, *in great diſorder, led by* Fidelia, *and ſome Attendants.*

Alm. Stand from me; Leave me to my wild Deſpair,
(Deluding Flatterers of impatient Grief)
Who think to Calm a Tempeſt with a Song:
Preach Patience to the Sea, when jarring Winds
Throw up her ſwelling Billows to the Sky,

And I

And if your Reasons mitigate her Fury,
My Soul will be as Calm—— —
Oh! I am lost, for ever lost, (my *Julia*.)

Jul. That melting Pity for your Sorrow moves me,
These broken Sighs, and pressing Tears can witness,
Forbid it, (O just Pow'rs) that e're my Friend,
My Dear *Almira* should complain alone,
Whilst I have Breath, to Echo to her Sighs.

Zin. Shall *Genoa* bend under Usurping Slaves?
No— The sad prospect of my Countrys Ruin,
Great *Doria's* Bonds, and fair *Almira's* Tears,
With Honour and Revenge, Inflame my Soul;
I'll save my Friend, and set my Country free,
Or perish in th' Attempt——

Alm. O, Kind *Zinelli*,
When shall I see the Charmer of my Grief?

Zin. The Fates, that rule the World, set bounds to Treason,
No Pow'r can stop, or force beyond the Line;
This day Rebellion dies— Proud *Barbarelli*,
Giddy with Greatness, Drunk with Government,
To his Destruction reels— This day he falls.

Alm. May blest Success so just a Cause attend!

Zin. To Arms, to Arms, my Friend and Country Call,
Let no true Patriot of my bleeding Country
Sheath his revengeful Sword, till these vile Monsters,
This Spawn of Hell, and Plague of Commonwealths,
Who gnaw like Vipers, their own Mothers Entrails;
Stain, with their Blood, the Earth, that groans to bear 'em:
I'll head the daring Partners of my Zeal,
And lead 'em thro' the Paths of Death and Honour. [*Exit* Zin.

Alm. Doria's still happy, Blest with such a Friend;
Tell me, (O *Julia*) Dost thou Love *Almira*?

Jul As Mothers love the Darlings of their Fondness.
Nature, in all her rich variety,
Nothing affords so precious to my Soul,
As dear *Almira's* Friendship,
For all my Joys are center'd in that word.

Alm. Come to my Arms, thou Miracle of Goodness!
Thou, pitying Friend, whom Fortune cannot change!

Jul.

Jul. From the soft Age of tender Innocence,
Our Love has kept an even pace with Life:
You knew no Grief, no Joy possest your Soul,
But what Endearing Sympathy made mine:
I had no thought, I never form'd a wish,
But what *Almira*'s Friendship made her own:
One Object fill'd our Passions, and Desires;
And partial time, which other things destroys,
Has to its heighth, this happy Love improv'd.
Alm. Then let me pour the Secret of my Life
Into the friendly Bosom of my *Julia*,
Jul. Speak as we love, without Distrust or Fear.
Some of our Sex may wish for Beauty's Charms,
Others make Wealth the Idol of their Minds,
Or Pride in lofty sounds of Stately Honour,
Julia's Ambition is to serve *Almira*.
Alm. *Zinelli*'s Zeal may hasten *Doria*'s Fate,
The Thought distracts me, fills me with Despair,
I cannot live; I'll go where Passion leads me;
I'll plead with Tears, for *Doria*'s Liberty,
Or wind my self about his noble Ruins:
Dearest of friends, as ever Pity mov'd thee,
Forsake me not, but guide my trembling Steps.
Jul. If, in her days of Peace, I lov'd *Almira*,
She's, in her Grief, still dearer to my Soul:
But Oh! What hope can flatter our Success?
Sordid *Durazzo* governs in the Fort,
That surly Wretch, to Blood and Rapine us'd,
Will ne'er Relent, if glitt'ring Spells don't charm him;
The publick good your Treasures has Exhausted:
Alm. One Casket worth a Kingdom's still reserv'd,
And *Doria*'s Liberty is worth that Kingdom,
Let Fate dispose of all—— Love shall supply
What Fortune takes away——
Jul. That Charm he'll never resist——
Within this hour, I'll meet you at your Palace.
Alm. *Julia* will not forget?——
Jul. Trust to my Sacred Word—— [*Exit* Alm.
Sola. Yes, fond deluded Rival, I will meet thee,

And my Revenge secure — My Brother's Ghost
In frightful Forms appears, and groans for Blood;
Thy Jealous Father cut his thread of Life,
And 'tis thy Life must be my Sacrifice;
I'll still abuse the sacred Name of Friend,
To flatter, and deceive thee into Ruin.
Let Doria *live, and curs'd* Almira *bleed,*
Triumphant Love shall my Revenge succeed. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Fort.*

Enter Almira, Julia, Durazzo, Spinola.

Dur. to Sister say'st thou to the great Admiral!
Alm. Be not so sad, thou lovely, mournful Beauty,
My pitying Heart complys with thy desire;
Go, *Spinola*, she has my leave to see him.
Alm. to } Now perfect, *Julia*, with thy dextrous Wit,
Jul. aside } What is so well begun — [*Exit* Almira *attended by* Spinola.
Jul. Never suspect my Friendship.
Aside] Nor ever think I can forget my Wrongs.
Tell me, *Durazzo*, have you Skill in Faces?
Dur. Enough to know, that they're all monstrous Cheats;
Men may look honest, but their Canker'd Hearts
Will give their Looks the Lie — A surly Courtier
Can smoothly snear, to Smile upon a Bribe;
Fops can look big, and make a noise of Honour,
Who none can shew, but what is in their Patents,
Like Soldiers with Commissions, and no Courage.
Jul. How think you then of this fair Innocence?
This mournful Sister of our Captive Hero?
Dur. Woman is still the same, a pleasing Cheat;
Fair pretty Monster, charming to Man's Eye,
But to his Reason ugly, and deform'd.
Aside] My soft, my dear *Blandina* still excepted.

Jul.

Jul. Your Wit excells, at Characters, I find.

Dur. Joyn to a slender Shape, a *Syren's* Head,
Two Eyes of *Basilisk*, a Serpent's Tongue,
The Heart, and Whining of a Crocodile,
The dazzling of the Sun, the Moon's Inconstancy;
To this odd Compound, give but Hands and Feet,
And cover all with a soft Skin, and fair Complexion,
You'll make a perfect Woman.

Jul. To prove, *Durazzo*, you don't wrong our Sex,
One Secret learn, shall raise your Soul to wonder:
This Charming Mourner, is not *Doria's* Sister,
But the great Duke of *Parma's*; fair *Almira*,
For mighty Wealth, and conqu'ring Beauty fam'd.

Dur. Wondrous indeed!--But how shall I believe,
That you speak Truth?--You are a Woman too.

Jul. I will not try your Faith, but soon convince you:
'Tis *Doria's* Liberty the Princess seeks;
And free to purchase it, at any price,
She brings a dazzling Casket worth an Empire.
Your Fortune's in your pow'r——

Dur. Must *Doria* live to satiate his Revenge.

Jul. Then keep a Pledge, and set not *Doria* free,
But on Condition he shall leave *Almira*.

Dur. O Sex for Subtilty, and Mischief fam'd!
Thy Council shall prevail--Let's in, my Oracle,
I long to gaze upon the sparkling Treasure. [*Exit* Dur.

Jul. } In Pow'rful Gold some secret Magick lies.
Sola. } The wanton, mighty *Jove*, in all his Glory,
With all the Art of Eloquence Divine,
Found the Nymph Coy, and blind to all his Charms;
Till, chang'd at last into a Golden Show'r,
The precious Drops dissolv'd her into Love. [*Exit.*

SCENE Changes,

A Place before the Dungeon.

Enter Almira, Spinola.

Spin. Yes, glorious Princess, 'tis to serve great *Doria*
That now I seem Confederate with Rebels;

I play the Hyppocrite, to know their Secrets,
Cant as they do, the better to Deceive 'em;
I pass with them for an accomplish'd Saint,
Which is. (in other words) a hard'ned Villain.

Alm. Who could have thought this horrid Seat of Treason
So true a Friend to *Doria* did contain?

Spin. Most of the Guards are here at my Devotion;
I train 'em up to Loyalty and Honour,
They'll soon be taught to signalize their Zeal.

Alm. Oh! may Success reward thy gen'rous Work.

The Dungeon *opens, and* Doria *appears.*

Spin. Dismal, most dismal Object! [Spinola *goes off.*
Almira *retires to one side of the Stage, where she stands unseen by* Doria, *and weeping.*

Alm. Oh! My Heart!

Dor. comes forward. Deluded Man, who fondly proud of Reason,
Think'st That thy crazy Nature's Priviledge,
Which is thy great Tormentor--- Senseless Fools
In stupid Dullness blest are only happy;
They feel no threatning Evils at a distance,
Never reflect on their past Miseries,
Their solid Comfort is their want of Sense.
But Reason, (like the Tyrant of our Minds)
Awakes our Thoughts to all our Cares, and Griefs
Distracts our Hopes, and in a thousand Shapes,
Presents our Fears, to multiply our Woes.
Give, (O Kind Pow'rs) some Comfort to my Soul,
Either my Reason, or my Ills remove.

Alm. aside. Ha! *Doria*! Whither, whither's Justice fled?

Dor. And since by your Decrees, poor Mortals stand or fall,
If my Doom's fix'd, and nothing can suspend it;
On this devoted Head heap all your Vengeance,
But save *Almira*, save that Charming Innocence;
For when she falls, Nature must lose her Pride.

Alm. runs to him. Thanks to those Pow'rs, and her kind *Doria*'s wishes,
Almira's safe, and in this Minute, blest.

Dor.

Dor. surpriz'd. What sudden Transports this?--Where, where am I?
Is't but an Airy, flatt'ring Dream of Bliss?
Or do I gaze indeed on fair *Almira*?
He runs to her. It must be she,--- None but that glorious Beauty
Can o're my Soul display such Beams of Light.
Alm. Nearer, my *Dorio*, tis *Almira* calls thee;
Almira, who for thee forsakes the World,
And in the horrid darkness of a Dungeon,
Finds all in thee, can make her truly happy.
Dor. Who would not rather chuse, O (Dear *Almira*)
To live in Misery, to be thus Lov'd, thus Pity'd,
Than shine in all the Pomp of dazzling Greatness?
Take, take my Life in Gratitude, and Love,
'Tis all, my Heart can give, and all is yours.
Alm. 'Tis not thy Life I ask, give me thy Sorrows,
Too great, alas! for thy poor Heart to bear;
Give me thy Thoughts, those black despairing Thoughts
Which rack thy Mind, and poison all thy Hopes,
Society in Grief will make it less.
Oh! Can you Love, and yet deny *Almira*,
That part she Claims in all your Miseries,
You cannot sure,--- True Love has no reserve.
She weeps]See, see my Heart dissolves,--- these flowing Tears,
Tell thee, I feel thy Griefs,--- Mix thy Sighs with mine;
Let us be Sad by Sympathy, and Love,
And joyn the Mournful Accents of our Woes.
Dor. With what Indifference my Eyes have seen
The horrours of my Fate, your self can witness;
Ev'n Death to happy Mortals so Amazing,
My Grief has made familiar to my Thoughts;
But Oh! Your tender Pity shakes my Soul,
Your flowing Tears disarm my Constancy.
Keep, O *Almira*, Keep those precious Drops,
They pierce my bleeding Heart--- How calm, how pleas'd,
Could I give up this wretched Life of mine,
To gain for you one single day of Bliss?
Alm. Without your Life, What Bliss can I enjoy?
Oh! Could you but forget your former State,
And let the base Thoughts of your lost Honours,

Pass

Pass, like a gliding Shadow, from your Mind.
Free from the noise of a distracted World,
With you I'd seek, in Deserts far from Men,
A Safe Retreat to persecuted Virtue.
Looks tender-ly on him. There I would take thy Sorrows to my Bosom,
And Charm em into Joys, with Songs of Peace.

Dor. Hear this, Prophaner of the Sex Divine,
Who fancy, Women without Souls were born,
And call the Glory of the whole Creation
A dazzling Clay, a Lamp of Shining Earth,
Excluded from the prospect of Eternity,
Or Idols of a Day, who Die for ever,
And to their Nothing, with the Brutes return.

Alm. An Idle Thought, an Airy flight of Fancy!

Dor. Vain, empty Dream — Women, like fair *Almira*
Were form'd to Bless, and stamp Perfection on us:
Man was, (at first) a rude unpolish'd Mass,
Till Nature fram'd that Charming Creature, Woman;
All kind, and soft, all tender, and Divine,
To mend our Faults, and mould us into Virtue;
And, by the Sweets of her refining Goodness,
Prepare our Taste for never ending Joys.

Alm. To Men of fancy, leave the sports of Wit,
And to Ambitious Minds the World to Rule,
I'll lead you safe where Happiness is found;
Beneath a fragrant Shade of twisted Greens,
The peaceful Seat of Sacred Innocence,
Rich but in mutual Love, and humble Thoughts,
Contented Poverty shall be our Portion;
No wish of Honour shall our rest devour,
No anxious Care poison our harmless Pleasures:
Sweet Arbours, flow'ry Meads, and crystal Streams,
With all the various Pride of smiling Nature,
Shall feed our ravish'd Senses with Delight;
Whilst chearful Birds, in sympathizing Notes,
Repeat the Sounds of our increasing Loves.

Dor. There I could fix my Happiness for ever.
But, O! great Princess, What a base return
Would this be thought, for all your tender Love,

To

To make you the sad partner of my Miseries,
And hide a shining Beauty from the World,
Where it was plac'd, to be its chiefest Glory.

Alm. The World to me is but a trifling Thing,
Afflicted *Doria's* only worth my Care.

Dor. O wondrous Love! Inimitable Virtue!
Yet, turn your Eyes of Pity to my Country,
The moving Cries of trembling Innocence,
Religion banish'd, Loyalty revil'd,
Justice abus'd, and our expiring Laws
Your yielding Pity, and my Aid implore.

Alm. There thou hast fix'd my Soul. Love made me Blind,
But now I see what Honour must inspire thee,
Pardona thoughtless Woman——Go, my *Doria*,
Thou only Hope of a declining State,
Stand up as the Avenger of our Wrongs,
And use thy Liberty, (I now procure)
To strike the Monster of Rebellion dead.

Dor. Oh! By what Miracle can you expect
Fate will at last my Liberty restore?

Alm. By that, which now works Miracles, A Bribe!
Julia, that kind, that zealous, pitying Friend,
With the last Stake of thy *Almira's* Fortune,
Is treating with *Durazzo* for thy Freedom.
She comes——

Enter Julia *and* Durazzo.

She runs to Julia. O *Julia*, tell me, tell me quickly,
Hast thou prevail'd, (my Lord) reign your
Jul. 'Tis done, your Lover's free.
Dur. You may Command your Liberty, (My Lord.)
Alm. Embr. Julia. Fortune to bless my Friend as she was kind.
Jul. Can I do less for *Doria*? For my Country?
In pleading for a Hero's Liberty,
I shew the World how much I value Virtue.
Dor. Maxims so generous to Praise, (Kind *Julia*)
No Tongue Expressions finds——(Like mighty Joy)
Excess of Gratitude strikes Mortals Dumb.
Dor. Caution, (My Lord) is all the Wit of Cowards;
I am not Valiant, therefore must be Wise;

Changes in State, are like a Game at Cards;
Knaves for a time may Win, but the next Shuffling
The Game may turn, and Rebels lose their Heads.

Dor. Can you suspect my Faith, and doubt your Pardon?

Dur. On this alone my Politicks rely,
Leave * that fair Virgin, as a Pledge to me, [* *Points to Almira.*
That you'll protect my Life.

Dor. Load me with Chains,
Confine me to the dismal Vaults of Night,
The Curst Abode of wretched Malefactors;
Torment me, Rack me with Eternal Tortures,
But ne'er expect, I'll purchase Liberty
At such a Price, as dear *Almira's* Bonds.

Dur. Mark me, (My Lord) This time 'tis in your Pow'r
To save your Life from dire, impending Dangers;
Next Hour, my Heart may Change, and leave you to your Doom.
[*Exit Dur.*

Alm. Barbarous Tyrant! Oh!

Jul. Is there no Faith in Man? I'm lost in wonder,
And cannot think what the foul Traytor means.

Dor. Fly, my *Almira*, fly! The Fates are Angry;
Leave a lost Wretch, who spreads Contagion round him;
I may be doubly Curs'd, and in my Ruin
Involve your precious Life——

Alm. Fear not, (my Hero)
As I Revere, I'll imitate your Virtues,
And shew the world, that Woman can be great.
Resign, (my Lord) resign your Bonds to me,
That is your way to Liberty, and Conquest.

Dor. Amazing Thought of Goodness!
Oh! Can my Princess think, that e're my Heart,
(By her kind Nature moulded into softness)
Can be so barbarous: Those precious hands
(Could I dispose of Universal Monarchy)
Should Sway the glorious Scepter of the World,
But ne'er shall be with shameful Bonds dishonour'd.

Alm. I will not lose this Triumph of my Love.
If ever to *Almira* you were kind, [*She offers to Kneel.*
If ever your Regard my words deserv'd,
Let me obtain this mournful Victory.

Jul.

Jul. Conſent, (my Lord) the time will not be long;
Immortal Honour waits upon this Day,
And *Genoa*'s Liberty begins with yours;
This Day to Honour give, and all the reſt to Love.
Dor. Forbear to preſs what I muſt never grant.
Alm. When, from the World, I with'd my ſelf with you,
In peaceful Climes of Innocence ſecure,
Your Country's VVrongs, and Miſeries prevail'd;
To rigid Honour trembling Love obey'd,
For the ſame VVrongs let the ſame Pity move you:
See *Genoa* turn'd a horrid Scene of Murder,
Of Factious Fury, Sacriledge, and Plunder;
Triumphing Ills, and Arbitrary Miſchief.
Dor. I ſee but you, I think but of *Almira.*
Alm. Honor prevail'd before, now Love Commands,
Forgive that VVord, forgive it, (gentle *Doria*)
I would not ſpeak it to Redeem my life,
But yours, alas! Your precious Life's in danger.
Jul. If *Genoa*, fall'n under the vileſt Bondage
And publick Ills, cannot engage your Pity:
Oh! Look on this ſoft Charmer of your Soul;
Think, (*Doria*) think of your *Almira*'s Fate,
Your Kind, your Fond *Almira.*
Should now this haughty Rebel in his Fury
VVith your dear Life her only hope deſtroy,
(You know he talk'd of dire, impending Dangers)
Then my poor Princeſs deſtitute, and loſt,
Muſt fall, alas! a ſecond Sacrifice.
Dor. My Princeſs Bleed? Periſh the horrid Thought!
At the alarming Sound, I Start, I tremble,
I'm all on fire, Speak, VVhat wonders muſt I do?
Jul. Since on your Liberty her Life depends,
Fly from this place of danger to your Friends,
Fight for the Cauſe of Innocence, and Love:
Alm. Fight for thy poor *Almira*'s Life.
Dor. *Almira*'s Life?-- Who would not Die to ſave it?
VVitneſs, (ye Pow'rs) who pry into our Thoughts,
What Charms of Liberty, or thirſt of Honour,
What my own Life could not obtain

My Fears for dear *Almira*'s Life have done,
Yes, yes, (my Princeſs)
Since Fate thro' mine your glorious Life purſues,
I'll Fight, I'll conquer to ſecure my Love:
And you, (kind *Julia*) Partner of our Griefs,
Sent us by Heav'n, to Comfort our Misfortunes,
Do not forſake your Friend, your Dear *Almira*:
Flatter her Fears, divert her prying Sorrow;
Speak to her Soul the words of Peace, and Love;
Tell her of Victories, and Joys to come:
My grateful Heart ſhall ne'er forget your Pity.

Jul. Nor ever mine: Conſent to leave my Princeſs.

Alm. How good, (my Friend) How pitiful thou art!
I muſt be Juſt, and make thee a return;
Shall I, my Lord, your Gratitude inſpire?

Dor. What can you ask for ſuch a Friend, as *Julia*,
That *Doria* will not grant?

Alm. But Swear, you will.

Dor. Hear, hear me, Pow'rs, who to Eternal Vengeance
Doom Impious Perjury—— By All I hold moſt dear,
By my own Life, and, which is dearer ſtill,
By fair *Almira*'s precious Life, I Vow.

Alm. Then, gen'rous *Doria*, liſten to my Voice.
'Tis not Deſpair, or Sadneſs does affect me;
No, I am Calm, and Free, as Innocence:
My Life, (my Lord) is but a fleeting ſhadow,
That ſoon may Vaniſh from the Earth,
A thouſand Accidents ſurround it—— I may Die,
And, whilſt your Victories amaze the World,
That Tyrant Death may rob you of *Almira*.

Dor. Avert it Fates! Oh! Why, (ſweet Excellence)
Theſe Words of Sadneſs, that afflict my Soul?
And leave it full of Horrour and Deſpair?

Alm. Hear me, my Lord, Remember that you ſwore,
If 'tis my Lot never to meet again,
The Charming Hero, my proud Heart adores,
Never once more to ſee my deareſt *Doria*,
Oh! Love my Friend: Take *Julia* to your Breaſt,
Let happy Marriage both your Hearts Unite,
To her alone I can bequeath your Love.

Dor.

Dor. What Words are theſe?—Oh! Break, break, ſtubborn Heart.
Alm. You know your Vow, and I dare truſt your Virtue.
Farewell, my *Doria*,
May Conqueſt, Victory, and Honour Crown thee.
Dor. One day, my life—— And then we'll meet again
To part no more, but to be bleſt in Love. [*Exit* Doria,
leading the Princeſs.

Jul. ſola. Blind *Doria*'s Vow ſecures *Almira*'s Ruin,
Since Fraud, and Villany now rule the World,
And glorious Miſchief over Virtue Triumphs,
Friendſhip, or Honeſty can bear no ſway,
For to be great, Ambition marks the way. [Exit *Julia.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Fort.*

Enter Almira, Julia, Durazzo, Spinola.

Alm. O *Julia!* O my Friend? What day of Glory?
The Rebels yield, and *Doria*'s Conqueror.
Jul. Fortune, alas! Ne'er Smiles, but to deceive;
She ſoon deſtroys the Bleſſings, ſhe Imparts,
By mixing, with our Joy, ſucceeding Woe;
I tremble for your Life—— Incens'd *Durazzo*,
No ſooner heard of *Barbarelli*'s Fall,
But Vow'd Revenge, and mark'd you for his Victim.
Alm. Were then my hopes but flattr'ing vain deluſions?
O *Doria*'s this the Fruit of all thy Toils?
Never to ſee thy dear *Almira* more.
Jul. Ingenious Friendſhip has contriv'd a way
To ſtop the torrent of his ſtormy Rage,
Truſt to my Love——
Alm. My better Genius, ſpeak.
Jul. Bound by a Solemn Oath, he'll ſpare your life,
Till, from Triumphing *Doria*, or the Senate,
I bring him an Aſſurance of his Pardon:

But I must fly to Save you, every Minute
Seems as an Age to my impatient Soul,
Till I behold you blest in *Doria*'s Arms.

Alm. Fly, my Soul's Comforter, fly to my *Doria*,
Tell him of all my Love, of all my Joy,
Tell him I triumph with him, in my Bonds.

Jul. The Tyrant comes,-- retire, and shun his fury.

Alm. Heav'n guard the best of Friends!

Jul. And bless my Princess. [*Exit* Almira.

Poor Innocence! 'Tis easie to Deceive thee!
Since *Doria* Conquers, *Doria* must be mine;
But Oh! What Hopes? Whilst curst *Almira* lives;
I'll still enflame this Traytor's Rage against her,
And thus, upon her Blood, my Triumph raise.

Enter Durazzo, Spinola.

Dur. Patience-- Name it no more-- I'm all Revenge,
All our Friends Murder'd, Tortur'd, cut in Pieces,
Their broken Limbs in all our Streets dispers'd,
Or hung for bloody Trophies in the Air;
By all the Furies that possess my Soul——

Jul. Hear me, O hear me calmly, (good *Durazzo*)

Dur. I'm deaf to all, but Murder and Revenge——
Hast, hast, dear *Spinola*, find out the Victim,
I thirst for Blood-- Imperfect were my Vengeance,
Should by another hand *Almira* bleed.

Spin. aside] Assist me, Fates, to guard that glorious life,
And turn the Mischief on this Monster's head. [*Exit* Spin.

Dur. Remorse for ever vanish from my Soul,
And let my Thoughts be lost in pleasing Ruin;
Thou Sorceress, thou Traitress too must Die.

Jul. Oh! Could *Durazzo* see into my Heart,
Sure he would not be Angry with poor *Julia*:
'Tis true, my Pity for a Captive Hero,
Made me to plead for *Doria*'s Liberty;
But still I was sincere, I would not see you wrong'd.

Dur. Ruins at hand, the smiling Mischief fawns.

Jul. weeps] *Almira*'s Secrets I reveal'd to you;
You know I did, and must I die for this?

Dur. Curs'd be her Voice! The sound disarms my Fury.

Jul.

Jul. Friendship mov'd farther yet —— I say'd your Life.

Dur. Ha?

Jul. I did (*Durazzo*) —— Barbarous *Almira*,
(Just Heav'ns! who could such treach'rous hearts suspect)
Came, but to Bribe your Guards to Murder you,
A Deed so horrid I could ne'er approve;
I made her give that Treasure you possess,
For *Doria*'s Liberty; and thus my Care,
My Friendly Care, turn'd that to your Advantage,
Which was intended for your Ruin.

Enter Spinola.

Dur. She dies, she dies —— Ha! Where's the Princess —— Speak;
I burn to dip this Dagger in her Blood.

Spin. Hard by the Fountain, on the Arbour's Seat,
Charm'd by the Coolness of the peaceful Night,
Your Victim lay in the soft Arms of Sleep.

Dur. This Sleep, by the Infernal Powers! is her last!
To Spinola. Be thou my Guide, and let my trusty *Pedro*
Stand on the watch, to keep Intruders off.

Spin. Follow my steps —— (*aside*) I'll be thy Guide, (dark Villain)
If I succeed, thou shalt not miss thy blow. *Exeunt* Dur. *and* Spin.

Jul. solo. Thus far my Plots have with Success been Crown'd,
Peace, Peace, Thou busy Voice of Conscience,
Ties of Friendship, Sentiments of Honour,
I mind you not, when Interest Commands;
Fortune declares for *Doria* —— There I fix.
Considering the sudden Turns of Chance,
Frail Woman's Nature, and false Men's Deceits;
Oh! Why did not some Kind, Indulgent Power
Grant to my Sex this special Priviledge,
That e're our Lips the fatal *Yes* pronounce,
Which (like a Magick Spell upon our Reason,
Conjures our Fortunes, and our Wits away)
We might all read in the large Book of Fate,
The various Lots to every Man assign'd;
And then our Hearts to them alone Engage,
Whom those Eternal Volumes had Decreed
To be for ever prosperous, and great.

Enter

Enter Durazzo *with a Dagger in his Hand, and* Pedro *who stands at a distance.*

Dur. 'Tis done, 'tis done, and now my Rage is Calm:
Oh! The Transporting Charms of dear Revenge!
Now boast of Victory, (Insulting *Doria*)
Almira's Blood attones for all my Murd'red Friends.

Jul. weeps } Alas! Poor Princess—Tho' I curse thy guilt,
I cannot keep these Tears for one, I lov'd.

Dur. to Julia. } One thing remains, my Vengeance to compleat;
Be that thy Task——To the Proud Victor fly,
And in the midst of his Triumphing Pride,
Shew him this Steel stain'd with *Almira*'s Blood;
Tell him, that since I could not reach his life,
Thro' her perfidious Heart, I try'd to pierce his own
Promise, or Die——

Jul. Alas! I will Obey.
That *Doria* may not doubt *Almira*'s Death,
Aside] I must still Act the Hypocrite in Friendship.

She kneels to Dur. } Oh! grant, *Durazzo*, grant to sorrowful *Julia*,
The dear Remains of her unhappy Friend,
That she may lie in decent Pomp of Sadness.

Dur. Darkness, and Silence favour thy design;
Be quick, and here take *Pedro* to assist thee. *Exit* Julia *followed by* (Pedro.
Now let me pause a while——What shall I do
To make my Vengeance more Illustrious still?
And to my Country leave a brave Remembrance,
He pauses] Of this Day's Tragedy?——
Blow up the Fort?—O lucky thought of Mischief!
Let Friends be buried in the Noble Ruins.
Then in my Sloop, that's waiting in the Port,
I'll sail away, fraught with my double Treasure,
Almira's Casket, and my Dear *Blandina*:
I must o're Seas some happier Climate find,
And with that wanton darling of my Pleasures
Enjoy in Peace the Fruit of all my Toil. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE Changes, to the Town;

A Place near the Port.

At the farther end of the Scene is seen a Chappel shut up, supposed to be the Monumental Chappel of the Family of the Doria's.

Several Soldiers and Citizens of Barbarelli's *Party, with Swords drawn, as running away affrighted, cross the Stage.*

Sold. O Mercy, Mercy, Mercy. [*Exeunt.*

Cit. A Doria, a Doria, a Doria. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Barbarelli, *with Sword in Hand.*

Whither? Oh! Whither will those Traytors fly?
Who with Rebellious Throats Cry up the Cause
When it is Prosperous,—— But Damn the Cause,
When we lose Ground, and Loyalty prevails:
See, see those Trumpets of Sedition, How they run?
Curst Hypocrites, True only to Hell;
Fool that I was to trust false *Spinola*,
He sees Ju. } Am I deceiv'd?—No—'Tis my faithful *Julia*,
lia coming. } Relenting Fate has sent in my Distress
He puts up his Sword] This tut'lar Genius, to protect my Life.

Enter Julia.

Jul. not } So, all that's left of once ador'd *Almira*,
seeing *Bar.* } The Monumental Palace of the Dead,
By *Pedro*'s Care will soon contain.
Now for my Conqu'ring, Prosp'rous Admiral.
I begin seriously to be in Love.
She sees Barb.] Ungrateful Object!

Bar. Why turn you thus, my Love--- It is unkind,
Oh! Let me gaze on thy Victorious Charms,
Loose all my Griefs in Raptures of Delight,
For tho' my Fortune's lost--- *I Triumph here. [* *He offers to kiss her Hand, she puts him by scornfully.*

Jul. Your Fortune lost, How dare you talk of Triumphs?

Bar. Then I am Curs'd indeed—— Will you forsake me?
And Frown upon me, like inconstant Fortune?

Tho' all the World should in my *Ruin* joyn,
Julia would still be constant in her Love.

Jul. Inconstant Fortune ever was my Guide;
Keep at a Distance, Sir, Poverty's Catching;
I hate the sneaking look of Misery.

Bar. Can this be true, Just Heav'ns!

Jul. 'Tis true, and prudent; Let us argue Calmly.
If all Events be fix'd by Fate's Decrees,
None but kind Fools, fond of their own undoing,
Will Fate oppose, and help a sinking Wretch,
Who by his Destiny is doom'd to Ruin.

Bar. Is this, (perfidious Maid) my Love's *Reward*?

Jul. We know that Love is but a pleasing Sound,
You use to Charm poor Woman into *Ruin*,
And that Self-Love's your Sexes darling Passion.
Beauties you Court, but 'tis to please your Fancies;
Languish for Heiresses, to mend your Fortunes;
Marry great Wits, to Credit your own Parts:
In all this,
Woman's the Jest, and Nonsence of your Love.

Bar. Say, rather, (faithless and ungrateful Woman)
That when the Wealth is gone, which made thee Love,
The Love decays, which by the Wealth was fed.

Jul. Curse, Curse, thy Stars, and ne'er accuse my Heart;
We all are Born with some prevailing Passion,
Which drives our Wills, and over-rules our Choice;
Mine is to Shine in the high Sphere of Greatness.

Bar. Dost thou insult, (Sordid, Ambitious Monster)
Have you forgot the Sacred Word you gave me?
Think of the dreadful Tie of Solemn Oaths;
Remember how you Vow'd Eternal Love.

Jul. I Vow'd, 'tis true, my Faith to *Barbarelli*,
But I remember too,
It was to *Barbarelli* Conqueror,
And not to *Barbarelli* beaten;
Fight *Doria*, (if thou dar'st) regain thy Fortunes,
And then, (of Course) thou wilt regain my Love.

Bar. Do I then live, to be a Woman's Scorn?
Fate cannot throw me lower.

Jul.

Jul. Rail on, (poor Slave) whilst, full of pleasing Thoughts,
I fly to meet thy glorious Conqueror;
Ten thousand Hearts must on his Triumph wait,
And Mine the first of all—— [*Exit* Julia.

Bar. Base, fordid Sex! Shame of the whole Creation!
*O horrid Sound!--- Lead me, Despair and Rage [**Trumpet within.*
Where wasteful Death, and Desolation reign. (*Exit* Barbar.

A noise of Trumpets.] *drawing his Sword.*

A shout within] Long live great *Doria*, Father of his Country.

Enter Doria, *follow'd by* Zinelli, Grimaldi, *and a Crowd of People.*

Dor. turns to the Croud. } Enough, Enough, (my Fellow Citizens)
Be Loyal still, and peacefully Enjoy
The welcome Blessings of this happy Change.

Croud going off] Long live great *Doria* Father of his Country!

Dor. to *Zin.* and *Grim.* } Now my Friends Welcome, welcome to my Arms,
To you belong the Honours of this Triumph.

Grim. This glorious Change your Valour has atchiev'd.

Zin. Genoa preserv'd by your Victorious Arms,
Must to Posterity Record your Fame,
And in the Sacred Annals of our Times,
The Hero Celebrate, who stopt her Ruin.

Dor. Forbear (my Friends) I have but done my Duty,
Virtue be my Reward—— I ask no more;
I never lov'd the flatt'ring sound of Praise,
I owe my Life to *Genoa*—— Gratitude,
And not the prospect of vain-glorious Honour,
Makes those my Foes, that dare disturb her Peace;
But still the Rebel lives--- Go, brave *Grimaldi*,
Go, my *Zinelli*--- Try to find him out. [*Exeunt* Zin. *and* Grim.
Now on the Wings of Love, (blest *Doria*) fly,
Almira Calls!---- Oh! I'll not lose one Moment,
I come, I come, my Princess--- [*As* Doria *is going, he meets* Julia *in Tears; he Starts back in great Surprise.*
Julia return'd! How fares my dear *Almira*?
What mean those Tears? (Good Heav'ns)

Jul. sighs] Unhappy Fate! Oh!

Dor. A sudden horrour over-casts my Soul,
And all my Thoughts are dismal,

Oh! Quickly tell, or wild Distraction kills me;
Say, Is she safe?--- Is she alive? Oh, speak,

Jul. weeps] Alas! She is no more——

Dor. his Eyes fix'd on the Ground] *Almira* dead?

Jul. Oh! Why was *I* reserv'd to see this day?
This day more dreadful, than Eternal night.

Dor. *Almira* dead? And I the wretched Cause?
No, there is not in the vast, howling Crowd
A Soul so black, and guilty as my own.

Enter Grimaldi.

Grim. O Mournful Tragedy! Oh *Doria*! O my Friend!
What killing sound, what dismal Change of Fortune?
Pedro was Seiz'd returning to the Fort,
Who frighted by the horrour of his Guilt,
Trembling Confest *Almira*'s Bloody Murder.

Dor. Then, then she's gone, and all my Joys with her,
Mourn, mourn for ever, World——

Grim. Sad be the day,
In which such glorious Innocence was lost.

Dor. leans upon *Grim.* Some pitying Friend support me, or I sink;
My trembling Knees under my Sorrow bend,
And cannot bear the weight. Oh! try to give me Ease,
The strings of Life are loose, and soon my Heart must break.
Be kind, and if you can, Encrease my Sorrows.
Tell me the worst of dear *Almira*'s Fate,
'Twill kill me sure—— Then I shall be at rest,
In the dark Womb of Earth.

Jul. Should from their hollow Vaults pale Ghosts resort,
To fill your Ears with hideous Groans and Shrieks,
The Sound to you would not be half so wounding
As this black Tragedy.

Dor. The killing Repetition will relieve me,
Life, will keep pace with the sad, doleful Story
And, as you cease to speak, dissolve away.

Jul. The Governor, that dark inhuman Traytor,
Enrag'd, the Rebels were all doom'd to Death:
Swore to Revenge their Blood on poor *Almira*.
Prodigious Cruelty!
Not all my pleading for her Innocence;
Nor all my Tears, not all my Pray'rs for Mercy

Could

Could move the Tyrant—* With this fatal Steel [*She shews Du-
Stain'd, and still reeking with her Royal Blood. [razzo's Dagger.
Grim. O Horrour! Horrour!
Dor. opens his Breast. Strike, (*Julia*) strike, Behold my Bosom ready,
Here lodge the precious Relick of *Almira*.
Oh! My Heart leaps to meet *Almira*'s Blood.
Grim. Hide, hide it from his Sight——
Dor. Where must I look?
To find the Path, that leads to welcome Death?
Grim. How Fares it with my Friend?
Dor. Oh! Wondrous well!
For now I stand upon the Bounds of Life,
Ready to Launch into th' Eternal Deep:
Farewel vain gaudy Triumphs, Glorious Conquests,
And all the Pageantry this World Prides in,
To Earth I bend, from whence I first did spring;
Take, take thy Prey, (devouring Grave)——
Grim. My *Doria*?
Dor. (Dear *Grimaldi*) soon I shall be no more;
By all the Love you ever had for *Doria*;
By all the Pity due to dying Friends;
Let my last Words Engage your Piety:
Honour the rich Remains of Dear *Almira*,
And thy poor *Doria*'s Dust, with Fun'ral Pomp:
Oh! Let one Grave contain us, that our Ashes
May mix below, as did our Souls above.
Jul. I ow'd that pious Duty to my Princess,
With moving Tears the Tyrant I entreated
Not to deny to poor afflicted *Julia*
The Relicks of her Friend——
Reposited within those rev'rend Walls, she lies;
Where in Majestick Order stand around,
The awful Statues of your Ancestors;
Behold--- Some hand the Sacred Gates unfolds.

Grim. 'Tis dreadful! *The Chappel opens, shews a Pallate cover'd with black, Mourners standing about it. Round the Chappel are seen several Statues representing so many deceased Heroes of* Doria's *Family.*

Dor. runs hast. to the Pallate and cilngs about it. Here, here, let me Mourn my last,
Here let me pay the Tribute of my Sorrow:

Flow, pressing Tears, and bathe the glorious Relicks,
Thus I will Cling about this precious Shrine:
O *Almira*, my ever Lou'd *Almira*,
I seize thee thus, and make thee mine for ever.

Grim. Turn, turn, good *Doria*, from this mournful Object,
It is alas! too dismal for your sight.

Dor. Oh! Never, never, force me from my Love,
Fate shall not take this dearest Treasure from me;
Here I could stand, and petrifie with Grief,
Thus thus become a Monument of Sorrow;
Here let me end this miserable life,
And you Majestick Ghosts, (departed Heroes)
From whom alas! this wretched Breath I drew,
Receive within this hospitable Roof,
The last, and most unhappy of your Race.

Grim. I know, my Friend, the Greatness of your loss,
I grant no Man had e're such Cause to grieve!

Dor. Oh! I could fill these Walls with piercing Groans,
And rend the Sacred Vaults with Lamentations,
But I must not disturb these peaceful Ashes.
Sleep, precious Shade, and never wake to Sorrow,
Whilst, here beneath thy Feet, thy *Doria* dies,
He lies down. Be Earth my Bed, where I may rest for ever.

Grim. Passion, should it, (like a Vapour) pass away;
When Nature, Friendship, Love have had their Course,
'Tis time for *Reason* to take place.

Dor. 'Tis *Reason* tells me, I must grieve for ever,
There is, alas! no Comfort, but in Death.

Grim. Hear, hear, my Voice——

Dor. *Almira*'s Voice is gone,——
There is no Harmony in any other,
My beauteous Sun will rise no more to chear me,
No Beams of Hope can shine—— End thy work, (Fate)
Canst thou to greater Ills reserve this life of Woe?
I feel Thee, (Death) I feel thee at my Heart,
O welcome *Remedy* of all my Griefs,
Sad Thoughts be now at rest—— Farewell, (poor Earth.)

Grim. Tell us, you live, my Friend,——

Dor.

Dor. I come, blest Saint, I come.

Jul. What shall I do to rouze his stupid Sorrow?
I'll mind him, by a sallhood, of his Vow——
Hear what with breaking Heart sad *Julia* speaks.

Dor. Oh! Let it be of Heav'n, or dear *Almira*,
For this poor World is nothing now to *Doria*.

Jul. As in my Arms th' expiring Princess lay,
She talk'd of Bliss, pray'd for her *Doria*'s Life,
And something too confusedly she said,
Of the Eternal Tie of Sacred Vows.

Dor. Ha! Did my dying Princess Name a Vow?

Jul. She did, alas! — Then, with a dying Sigh,
Bad me for ever love her Gentle *Doria*.

Dor. * Yes, dear *Almira*, you shall be Obey'd; [* *Starts up, and after some Pause speaks passionately.*
Madam, my Term is fix'd-- few Minutes more
Compleat my Fate, and End this wretched life.

Jul. I judge of your Affliction by my own,
But still----

Dor. In vain you'll try---- I know my Vow,
And I will not Die perjur'd to *Almira*,
'Twere high Impiety--- I'll meet you at the Altar,
In Pomp as Sad, and Mournful, as my Heart,
My hand I'll give you, which my Vow Engag'd,
But ne'er that Heart, her Love alone can claim.

Grim. Time to your Sorrow will afford a Cure,
And heal these wounding, melancholy Thoughts.

Dor. Never, (my Friend) the fatal Vow perform'd,
What have I more to do in this poor World?
This Labyrinth of Cares, and Scene of Woe?
I would not wish to live another day,
For all the Pomp, and gaudy Pride of Empires.
Lead me to the Temple,
I'll fill the Holy Place with Repetitions
Of my Eternal Truth to dear *Almira*,
Then, ready Victim, at the Altar bleed,
And fall a Solemn Sacrifice to Love. [*Exit* Doria, *leaning on* Grimaldi.

Jul.

Jul. sola. Shall then his Death blast all my blooming hopes?
Curs'd be that thought!——I'll meet him at the Altar,
And there prevent his horrid Resolution.
False Tears, deceitful Words, and all the Turns
Of Female Artifice, be now my Refuge.
For where good Arguments cannot prevail,
A Woman's Subtilty does seldom fail. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Fort.*

Enter Durazzo *and* Spinola, *with Swords drawn.*

Dur. *Blandina* Murder'd?
Spin. Yes, Murder'd, Friend, and Barbarously Murder'd.
Dur. Revenge once more my Stormy Breast possess,
Come on, let's to that thirsty Deity
A thousand Victims kill, glut her with Seas of Blood.
Know you the Murderer?
Spin. I know the Villain——
Dur. Name him, and he dies,
Spin. I will be just, and second your Revenge,
But promise first, the Traytor shall not live.
Dur. If e're to Mercy he inclines my Heart,
May Thunder strike me dead.
Spin. Then on thy head let all thy Curses fall,
'Tis thy own hand has done the bloody Deed.
Dur. Perdition! Where am I?
Spin. And 'tis by me, by me thou wert betray'd,
When for *Almira*'s Blood thy raging Heart did burn.
Vile Traytor, couldst thou think, I'd joyn with thee?
And be the Minister of thy wild Fury?
My timely Care her precious life secur'd,
I did thy Rage deceive, and in the Garden
Direct the blow to thy *Blandina*'s Heart.
Dur. Curs'd Hyppocrite, and didst thou Cant for this?

Spin.

Spin. Then from the bleeding Mass her hideous Head was se-
And thrown into the Seat——— (ver'd,
Dur. Help, help me, (Furies)
Think not thou Canting exquisite, praying Villain,
An easie Death shall for thy Crime Atone;
No.— All the Tortures howling Fiends endure,
Seem yet too little for my full Revenge.
Within there.——

Enter four Soldiers.

Seize the Traytor.
Spin. Do, (Friends) as he Commands. [*The Sold. seize* Dur.
Dur. Rebels how dare you?
Spin. Thou art the Rebel; in great *Doria*'s Name,
We take once more possession of the Fort:
The Injur'd Princess in whose Death thou Triumph'st,
Sav'd from thy Rage, to thy Confusion lives.
Dur. Monster of Villany!
Spin. Away with the foul Traytor———
For *Racks*, and publick Infamy, reserv'd,
In some dark Vault load him with massy Chains,
There let him Groan in horrour of his Guilt.
Dur. Hanging, (I find) must be my Destiny,
When e're Fate calls, be this my Dying Speech:
Good Souls beware of Canting Hyppocrites,
In all *Rebellious Wars Religion* is the Breath,
That fills the Sails;— but Int'rest is the Compass,
By which Ambitious Knaves direct their Course
To Usurpation, and Illegal Power.
Now, (Villain) do thy worst. [*Exit* Dur. *guarded by the Sold.*

Enter Almira.

Alm. When shall I see the Darling of my Love?
Spin. The Tyrant's seiz'd, and all here own your Pow'r.
Alm. O *Spinola*, I owe my life to thee;
Spin. Innocent Virtue is the Care of Heav'n,
And 'tis to Heav'n you owe your Safety.
Alm. Believe my grateful Heart— Whatever Fortune
Thy Wishes can Embrace, and *Doria* give,
Thy Zeal, and Loyalty shall now Command.
Spin. Success is my Reward——

Alm. To Crown my Joy,
Conveigh me secretly to *Doria*'s Palace,
I must surprize my dear, Victorious Lover,
And with *Almira*'s Smiles adorn his Triumph,
Run swiftly, (Time) till that blest Minute comes,
That brings me to my Hero. [*Exit* Almira, *attended by* Spinola.

——

SCENE Changes, to the Town.

A Court before the Temple.

Enter Julia *with a Dagger in her Hand, follow'd by* Carina.

Jul. Oh! What a Scene of Horrour, and Despair!
Had not my Care the fatal blow prevented.
Car. I could not see thro' the vast pressing Croud.
Jul. I tremble still at the Amazing Thought;
No sooner was the Holy Rite perform'd,
But *Doria*, (now my most afflicted Lord)
With Looks distracted at the Altar standing,
Witness, ye Pow'rs, he cries— And you, (my Friends)
Tell all the World, I was Just to *Almira*,
True to my Vow, and faithful to her Love:
This said, he drew this Instrument of Death;
Offer'd to strike, I snatch'd it from his hand,
Then pale, and trembling at his Feet I fell.
Car. Wondrous Despair!
Jul. No sooner I recover'd,
But in soft Words of Tenderness and Love,
(With his best Friends) I strove to Calm his Grief,
And to his Mind a happy Peace restore;
Deaf and Insensible to all we urg'd,
He call'd for Death, and chid that pious Care,
Which stopt the horrid project of his Mind.
Behold he comes— What Eye alas! can see
That moving Object, and not melt in Tears.

[*Exit* Julia, *follow'd by* Carina.

——

Enter

Enter Doria *in a Mourning Habit, ſhewing a great Diſorder in his Looks, and Action, leaning ſometimes on* Zinelli, *ſometimes on* Grimaldi.

Dor. Whither, my Friends, Oh! whither will you lead me?
Zin. Compoſe your Thoughts, we lead you to your Palace.
Dor. I have, alas! no Palace, but a Grave,
——Oh! why ſo ſlow, thou laſt relief?——
Grim. By the dear Name of Love,
By all the Ties of pure, and ſacred Friendſhip,
Pity the Tears of a fond tender Wife,
Whoſe ſad, deſpairing Heart muſt break with yours.
Dor. I have no Wife but Death, —in her cold Arms
My Griefs will ſleep, and never more awake.
Zin. Our Time is ſet, and fix'd, our Days are told,
And no Man knows the limits of his Life,
This Minute may be mine, the next another's,
But ſtill all Mortals muſt the Summons wait,
And not uſurp on the Decrees of Fate,
By haſt'ning their own Ends.
Dor. Fondneſs for Life, ſuch Thoughts as theſe inſpire.
Grim. Self-Murder, Nature and our Souls abhor.
Dor. What other Remedy has Nature left
For Ills beyond a Cure, but welcome Death?
Which ends our Sorrows, and our Joys begins.
Why ſhould the wretched live?——Sure partial Fate
Conceals from Men the happineſs of dying
To make 'em pleas'd with this amuſing Life.
Zin. Enjoy your Friends, and be by Them enjoy'd,
Be bleſt in them, as they're all bleſt in you.
Dor. I am not worth the pious care of Friendſhip,
Curſt as I am, to Miſery, and Sorrow,
What Bleſſing can I be? What Comfort give?
Better to die, than linger out in pain,
Uneaſie to my ſelf, a burden to my Friends,
Let Thoſe, the World calls happy, wiſh to live,
My Happineſs is, not to be.
Grim. Life is a Burden, and yet Death's a Terrour,
Dor. Not to a Mind loſt in deſpair, like mine,
The Terrours of my Thoughts are worſe than Death,

A laſting Torment, —Oh! for ſome skilful Pilot,
To ſteer this little Voyage of my Life,
And Land me ſafe upon the Peaceful Shoar,
I cannot bear theſe Storms.

Zim. Tho' Vulgar Souls may ſink under Misfortunes,
'Tis nobly great, and worthy Admiration,
To meet with Wondrous Courage, mighty Ills,
And ſtruggle with hard Fortune.

Dor. Oh how we doat on this poor thing call'd Life,
Even in Miſery? How Men will catch
At every little Twig, to hold 'em up,
And keep 'em ſtill from ſinking to their Reſt,
When I juſt touch that happy Shoar of Peace,
And ſee the Joyful Land of Bliſs before me,
Shall I poor Wretch wiſh for a Wind,
To throw me back on a Tempeſtuous Sea,
As if it were a Pleaſure to be toſt,
Or Men were fond of Storms, and Dangers?

Grim. This Age abounds with faſhionable Monſters,
Criticks in Vice, but Impotent in Vertue,
Such Burdens of the Earth, the World can ſpare;
Hero's born to tread the paths of Glory,
We ſtill revere, and ſtill enjoy in fear;
For, like the Sun, they Riſe,—but Set too ſoon;
Long may the World proclaim your Victories;
For 'tis your Fame, and Triumphs make us great,

Dor. Will future Fame my preſent Ills relieve?
What's Fame, my Friends, that flatt'ring, noiſie Sound,
But the bold Lie of Univerſal Vogue,
Thouſands of Men fall in the Field of Honour,
Whoſe Warlike Deeds die in inglorious Silence,
Whilſt Vaunting Cowards favour'd by Blind Fortune,
Reap all the Fruit of their ſucceſsful Toils,
And build their Fame upon their noble Ruines.

Zim. If future Fame has no prevailing Charms,
'Tis ſweet to live the Darling of the World.

Dor. Is it a pride, alas! to pleaſe a World,
Where honeſt Thoughts are a Reproach to Man,
Where Knaves look great, and groaning Vertue ſtarves,
A World of Madneſs, Falſhood, and Injuſtice,
Where Men poſſeſt with a true Britiſh Fury,

Eagerly

Eagerly thirſt after each other's Blood,
And their own Image cruelly deſtroy?
From ſuch a World, who would not be divorc'd?
Farewell then.

Grim. Think not your Friends can leave you to deſpair.

Dor. Are you my Friends, and yet refuſe me Comfort?

Zin. May Heav'n preſerve your Life!

Dor. This is unkind:
Oh! why would you prolong my wretched Life,
To give a larger Run to my Misfortunes,
When the next moment, I may be at reſt;
O cruel Pity!——O my dear *Almira!*
Muſt *Doria* live to ſay you are no more.

Grim. Once more, once more think of your Mourning Bride.

Dor. I do, my Friends,
I ſee her on the Battlements of Heav'n,
She calls for *Doria*, her beloved *Doria*,
There, not on Earth, my Glorious Bride expects me,
Where endleſs Bliſs, where Joys, and Pleaſures flow,
Where to compleat my Happineſs for ever,
I ſhall be bleſt with my *Almira.*

Zin. Hear, hear me ſpeak; ſee dear *Grimaldi's* Tears.

Dor. Did ever I deny you any thing?
Oh! leave me but one moment to my ſelf.

Grim. Friendſhip forbids.

Dor. Nature with Grief, and bending Cares oppreſt,
Longs to lay down the Burden of her Woes.

Zin. O *Doria!* on my Knees I thus intreat you, [*Kneels to*
By me the *Senate* ſends, to beg your Life; *Doria.*
Your Country, but juſt now preſerv'd by you,
Muſt fall a Prey to Rebels if you die;
In pity to your ſelf, in pity to your Friends,
Give o'er theſe Thoughts of Sadneſs, and Deſpair,
And let your Soul liſten to words of Peace.

Dor. Dear Friend, forbear,——my Soul is on the wing,
And cannot liſten to a Mortal's Voice,
Farewel for ever. [*Exit.* Doria,

Grim. Let's follow, good *Zinelli*,—— *follow'd by his*

Zin. Bounteous Heav'n, *two Friends.*
Inſtruct us how to give him ſome Relief.

The Scene changes. Doria's *Palace.* *Enter* Almira.

Alm. What ſullen Fears intrude their Terrours on me?
Ceaſe, frightful Omens, to perplex my Soul,
And let my Thoughts be free for Extaſies of Joy,
Oh! the tranſporting Bliſs of meeting Lovers!
I thank thee, Fate, for all our Dangers paſt,
For they will raiſe our Happineſs to Raptures;
Come, my Victorious Lover,——why ſo long?
Theſe eager Arms are open to receive thee;
'Tis ſweet to find a Hero in a Lover,
And make his haughty Triumphs end in Fondneſs.
Sleep has not clos'd thoſe Eyes, ſince laſt we parted, [*She lies on*
Here will I reſt, till my dear Hero comes, *Couch and falls aſleep.*
And in ſoft Slumbers loſe the tedious Minutes. [*Soft Muſick.*

Enter Julia.

Jul. A Woman's Love, when bleſt with a Return,
Is peace of Heart, and overflowing Joy, [*Aſide.*
But ſlighted Fondneſs turns to furious Rage,
What wondrous Charms adorn'd *Almira*'s Face,
That *Julia* ſhou'd be thus deſpis'd?
Ha! is then Hell at Work?——her angry Ghoſt [*Shee ſees*
Comes to reproach me, for the Bloody Murder, Almira.
Confuſion! Does ſhe breath? ——I am betray'd,
Durazzo's turn'd a Friend to Innocence,
And falſe to my Revenge;
Curs'd be my Policy! That e'er I ſhould employ
Another Hand, to ſhed a Rival's Blood:
What muſt be done? I'll never ſtop at miſchief, [*She draws*
But take the hint th' Infernal Genius gives me, *a Dagger.*
And former Crimes by a new Crime ſecure,
Thus let her die, and never boaſt of Conqueſt. [*Shee's going*
to Stab her, but ſeeing Doria, *ſhe ſtops her Hand.*

Enter Doria.

Dor. I have deceiv'd their care, and now am free for Death.
[*Aſide, ſeeing neither* Julia, *nor* Almira.
Jul. Curs'd, curs'd Delay!— [*Throws the Dagger and goes off.*
Dor.

Dor. Who curſes my Delay? [*Aſide.*
Whoe'er thou art, I thank thee for the Curſe;
VVhat gone?—'Twas kind however,—Thus I ſeize thee,
And hug thee to my Boſom, till I die, [*He ſees the Dagger,*
Till thou, for ever, joyn'ſt me to *Almira*, *and takes it up.*

Alm. VVho calls *Almira?* [*Wakes, but ſees not* Doria.
Sure 'twas ſome Singing Angel broke my Sleep,
Or the ſoft Muſick of my *Doria*'s Voice.

Dor. Glorious Inhabitant of Heav'n, [*Aſide.*
From the bright Regions of Immortal Light
Look down,—To thee thy ever conſtant *Doria*
Is offering this Sacrifice. [*As* Doria *is going to ſtab himſelf,* Almira *riſes, ſees him, and runs to him in a great Tranſport of Joy, he ſinks in a Chair, as in a Swoon.*

Alm. 'Tis he! Oh! 'tis my *Doria*— [*Runs to him.*

Dor. Heavens! Oh! O! [*Sinking in his Chair.*

Alm. Thus let me grow in my dear Lovers Arms,
Thus let me look on my Triumphing *Doria*,
And in theſe Raptures gaze my Life away:
Oh! Speak, my Love, alas! Exceſs of Joy
Has ſtruck too quick upon his raviſh'd Senſes,
I was to blame thus to ſurprize his Soul,
VVith the tranſporting, unexpected Pleaſure.

Dor. VVhy do'ſt thou, buſie Fancy, ſo delude me?
VVith fleeting Images of painted Air, [*Turns his Head about in a diſtracted manner.*
'Tis all Illuſion.

Alm. Oh! call my *Doria*, call thy wandring Soul,
Come to thy ſelf, and to thy dear *Almira*,
Fear not, my Life, I am no vain Deluſion,
Smooth with a Look the Terrours of my Breaſt,
Turn, turn thy Eyes, and chear me with a Smile,

Dor. Sure 'tis a Viſion, or I am a Fiend [*Aſide.*
Accurs'd to all the Horrours of Deſpair.

Alm. Can *Doria* then miſtake *Almira*'s Voice?
That tender Voice, that charm'd him into Love,
Haſt thou forgot that ſoft endearing Name,
Never in vain before pronounc'd?——
Oh! hear me ſpeak, I have a thouſand Things,
Moſt wondrous Things to tell, and all of Love.

Dor. *Cover me, Earth; take me, thou dark Abyſs,
To horrid Depth, as boundleſs as my VVoe.

*[*Sees* Almira, *then turns his Head again.* *Alm.*

Alm. By all our mutual Sufferings, and Fears;
By all our Love, and our moſt tender wiſhes,
Damp not the Joy of this ſo happy Meeting,——
Open thoſe Eyes, which firſt enflam'd *Almira*,
Tell her ſhe's ſtill the Object of thy Love,
Or thus I bend theſe drooping Eyes to Earth,
Sunk in Deſpair, and loſt in trembling Fears,
Till thy ſoft Voice does raiſe my Soul to Life.

Dor. Beſt, as the faireſt of your Glorious Sex,
Heav'n for great Vertue has rich ſtore of Bleſſings,
May all be pour'd upon your precious Head;——
But Oh! I am a VVretch, a Perjur'd Villain,
Fly me, great Princeſs, never think of *Doria*,
I cannot bear your Sight,——Eternal Curſes,
Confuſion, Shame, and Guilt, are all my Portion.
Take pity, Fates, and give me leave to die. [*Sinks again in his Chair.*

Alm. Explain this frightful Myſtery good, Heavens,
VVhy is my Lover perjur'd?——VVhy a VVretch?
VVhy in this Glorious Day, a Dreſs ſo diſmal?
Bear me, cold Earth, I am too faint to move,
Or in thy peaceful boſom, now receive me,
If I muſt hear my *Doria's* ſtill Unhappy;
Deareſt of Men, thou Life of all my hopes, [*She Weeps.*
Pity theſe Tears, and do not torture me,
I cannot be thus Unreſolv'd, and Live.

Dor. Oh! O! [*Sighs.*

Alm. Alas! Thy heart will break,——tell me thy Thoughts,
Hug not a killing Sorrow to thy Breaſt;
Has Death depriv'd thee of ſome Friend thou lov'dſt?
'Twere ſad indeed, exceeding ſad, my *Doria*,
But ſtill thy fond, thy dear *Almira* lives,
And can't her Love afford Thee ſome Relief?

Dor. Death! Unkind Death, thou wilt now come too late,
Oh! O!

Alm. Give me that Sigh, Oh! why is *Doria's* Grief
VVith partial care conceal'd from his *Almira?*
Dare you not truſt me?——I am that *Almira*,
VVho through the various Changes of your Fortune,
Has ſtill remain'd the Partner of your Fate,
Joyful, or Sad, as you were bleſs'd, or wrong'd:
I could have follow'd you e'en to the Grave;

Ah!

Ah! why this Change in my dear *Doria*'s Looks?
What have I done to forfeit all his Goodneſs?
I beg you on my Knees, believe me Innocent;
Guilty of nothing, but Exceſs of Love,
Of Love for you, —Oh! If this be my fault,
Forbid it, Powers, that I ſhould e'er Repent.
Dor. Let it be hid, and never be reveal'd, [*Riſes up.*
That fatal, horrid Secret of my Soul;
And Oh! If when kind Death has laid me down
In humble Duſt, you chance to hear my Story,
Curſe not my Memory—Impute to Fate
Your Wrongs, and my Misfortunes.—Farewell, [Doria *of-*
Thou Injur'd Innocence, Farewel. *fers to go,* Almira *ſtops him.*
Alm. Oh! Never, never leave me, [*Clings to him.*
If I muſt die, Death's welcome in theſe Arms,
One Bleſſing of the Fates my Heart entreated,
The greateſt I can e'er enjoy on Earth,
It was to meet my *Doria*, —I'm now bleſt,
And muſt we part with ſuch deſpairing words?
It muſt not be;—Oh! comfort my poor Heart,
Take me, my Love, take me to thy dear Boſome,
For there I live, but torn from thence, I die.
Dor. Ceaſe, ceaſe, great Princeſs, to afflict your Soul,
Too ſoon, alas, you'll know that fatal Secret,
Which my ſad, breaking Heart dares not reveal,
Too ſoon you'll Curſe your Fond, Believing Love,
O Cruel Thought! O Diſmal parting!
The ſpiteful hand of Fate has got between us,
And thus for ever thruſts me from my Bliſs. [*Exit.* Doria.
Alm. ſola. Stay, Stay, my Life, —what gone? For ever gone?
Where dwells Deſpair?—For, there is now my Refuge,
Oh! I am Rack'd, torn with Imagination;
My *Doria* falſe! No,—Heavens, it cannot be,
Doria can never wrong his dear *Almira*;
Where, where's my Friend? My True, my Faithful *Julia*?
She'll fix my Thoughts,—Oh! I muſt ſee my Love,
I muſt, I cannot live, I'm wild, diſtracted,
Lead me to him, ſome kind Inſpiring Pow'r,
And let me learn at once his Secret, and my Doom. [*Exit.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Julia, *purſued by* Barbarelli, *with Sword in Hand.*

Jul. PRotect me, Heav'ns, —Oh! whither ſhall I fly?
Bar. Think'ſt Thou to 'ſcape, dark Miniſtet of Hell,
Thou Fury ſent by the Infernal Councils,
To hurl Confuſion through the World?
Jul. Oh! Mercy, mercy, gentle *Barbarelli.*
Bar. Avenging Pow'rs, can that word Mercy flow
From ſuch a Cruel Monſter, as Thou art?
Falſe to thy Princeſs, perjur'd to my Love,
Thy proud Ambitious Heart knew no Reſtraint;
Periſh with Thee, the Fruit of all thy Crimes.
Jul. Oh! I ſee Fury flaming in your Eyes,—
Pardon the Fault of ſtrong prevailing Love.
Bar. Sorc'reſs, give not the gentle Name of Love
To Helliſh Plots, and horrid Works of Darkneſs,
By thy pernicious Arts my Friend ſeduc'd,
Extended on the Rack, Curſing thy Name,
With dying Groans has own'd thy Villanies,
By Thee perfidious Fiend, I was betray'd,
By Thee undone, and ſold to direful Ruine,
Horrid, as is thy Soul, be my Revenge;
But Oh! the Bloody Miniſters of Fate
Preſs hard upon me, —Here I'll ſtand my Doom,

Enter Zinelli, Spinola *with Soldiers.*

Zin. So periſh all the Traytors to their Country,
As I ſhall ſee proud *Barbarelli* fall. [*Runs at* Barbarelli.
Jul. Save, kind *Zinelli*, ſave poor *Julia*'s Life.
Spin. There, —at a Rebel's Heart,— [Zinelli *and* Spinola *fight againſt* Barbarelli.
Bar. 'Tis done, 'tis done, [*Mortally Wounded.*
Through my deep bleeding Wounds Life flows apace,
Proud *Genoa* now may Triumph in my Death,

But

But *Julia* never ſhall,—Die, Traitreſs, die; [*He Stabs* Julia.
Die, curſed Author of this Bloody Scene,
And ſince Ambition was thy darling wiſh,
Go and Reign Queen of the Infernal Shades. [*Barb. falls and dies.*

Jul. Oh! Thou haſt Kill'd me, Barbarous Villain, [*Leans on one of the Soldiers.*

Zin. Terrour the yielding Faction will diſperſe,
To publick View the Traytor's Head expoſe;
Juſtice prevails,——Then from this happy Moment
Let's date the Peace, and Liberty of *Genoa.* [*Barbarelli's Body is carried off by the Soldiers.*

Jul. I faint, I die,—Oh! ſpare me, Death, one Moment, [*Falls.*
Then take me Curſing my deteſted Rival;
May ſhe for Pleaſure wiſh, and ne'er be bleſt,
May Shame, and Scandal, blaſt her Innocence,
May all her Love meet no return, but Scorn;
Or, if by Inauſpicious *Hymen* joyn'd,
May frightful Apparitions haunt her Bed,
Infeſt her Joys, and damp her Nuptial Bliſs.

Spin. Monſter, has then Eternal Juſtice met thee?
Curs'd be the fatal Day, that gave Thee Birth,
In Clouds of Darkneſs let it ſtill be hid,
And roll no more in the vaſt Rounds of Time,
Tearing Remorſe, and never ceaſing Vengeance,
Racks, Hell, and boiling Sulphurs be thy Lot.

Jul. No vain Remorſe ſhall ever ſhake my Soul,
Ambition, and Revenge did guide my Heart,
When I Conſpir'd againſt *Almira*'s Life;
Periſh, thou *Spinola*, thou Trait'rous Slave,
Whoſe dark hypocriſie my Plots defeated:
What Miſt before my Eyes its Vapour ſpreads?
The Light is gone, and I am loſt in Darkneſs. [*She Dies.*

Spin. O! dear *Zinelli*, what a wondrous Change!

Zin. What glorious Day on *Doria* ſmiles again?

Spin. Thus watchful Fate
Still working by unſeen, myſterious ways,——
Confounds the Projects of Ambitious Minds,
And on the Authors turns thoſe Ills they fram'd.

Zin. Let's haſte, my Friend, to our deſpairing *Doria*,
And change his Grief, for Joyful Thoughts of Peace.

Spin. Oh! May *Almira* liſten to his Voice,
May ſhe believe her *Doria* Innocent,
And all their VVoes be loſt in Love, and Fondneſs.
[*Exeunt* Zinelli *and* Spirola.

Scene Changes to an Apartment in Almira's *Palace.*

Enter Almira, Fidelia.

Alm. Thou haſt my Thanks,—Now bring the Cup, *Fidelia.*
[*Exit.* Fidelia.

The fatal Secret is at laſt reveal'd,
And *Doria's* falſe, falſe to his dear *Almira*;
Hear this, O Heavens! Who heard his Vows before,
Alas! What's now become of Faith, of Vertue,
'Tis all a Specious Cheat,—Vain, empty Names,
Doria Unfaithful?
Oh! any thing but this, I could have bore,
And bore it for his ſake.

Enter Fidelia, *with a Cup in her Hand, which ſhe gives to* Almira.

Retire, and leave me to my private Thoughts.
[*Exit.* Fidelia.
Now farewell, Life, and all deluding Joys, [*She ſits in a Chair.*
Since *Doria's* gone, you claim no part in me,
Come, boſome Friend,
Thou only Comforter of mighty Grief,
Touch my poor Heart into a gentle Sleep,
And let me be at Reſt,——at Reſt for ever. [*She drinks, then throws the Cup away.*

Enter Doria.

Shee turns and ſees Doria.

Ha! Is he come, ——Juſt Heav'ns! Who could believe,
That ſuch a Face of Honeſty, and Goodneſs,
Is the fair outſide of a Treach'rous Heart?
Draw near, my Lord,——
Dor. Here at an humble diſtance.

Alm.

Alm. Sit down,——'tis poor *Almira's* last Request,
Fear not, my Lord, I shall not keep you long,
My Time is short, and, I know, yours is precious;
Can you forgive me that amidst those Raptures
Of Happy Love, which take up all your Soul,
In these Transporting Minutes of your Bliss,
I keep you here, and interrupt the Joys,
The eager Joys of a fond, smiling Bride.

Dor. No Joy, no Peace a Guilty Wretch can find.

Alm. There was a time, my Lord, when pleasing Thoughts
Made your Life flow in Innocence, and Peace,
Why is that Time no more?——

Dor. Fear and Remorse
Have banish'd from my Mind that happy Peace.

Alm. Tell me, my Lord, what thinks your grateful Heart,
Of the *Athenian* Celebrated Hero?
Who from the fatal Labyrinth set free,
Owing his Fame, his Liberty, and Life
To the fond Love of a soft, tender Virgin,
The Danger past, forsook her for another,
Was it well done, my Lord, to slight her thus?
She was a Princess too.——

Dor. 'Twas Base, Ungrateful.

Alm. Take heed, my Lord, do not pronounce too soon,
The Story's yours, if you but change the Name.

Dor. Give me the worst of Names, call me foul Traytor,
Poyson me, stab me, with my Dying Breath,
I'll tell the World, 'twas but an Act of Justice.

Alm. Tell, tell the World, Ungrateful Perjur'd Man,
Of all my Care, and Unregarded Love,
How for thy sake, I chose Inglorious Bondage,
And hugg'd the Fetters, which thy Hands resign'd;
I blush to own it,——Thou hast been to me
The Hope, the Joy, the Blessing of my Life,
I never had one single Wish beyond thee,
Almira's Thoughts were full of *Doria*,
Whate'er I saw, still *Doria* was in Prospect:
Is it a Triumph for a Hero's Pride,
To Vow, and Flatter, that he may deceive,
And break a tender Womans Heart?
Poor Victory, my Lord,——

Dor. If Injur'd Goodness
Can yet consent to hear a pleading Wretch,
False, as I seem, I may deserve some Pity;
Since all my Guilt is the dark Work of Fate.

Alm. Fate's but the mean Excuse of Vulgar Souls,
To see Thee safe, a thousand Vows I made,
I see thee safe, but I don't see thee mine,
And will you say this is the Work of Fate?
False, and deluding Man, 'twas your own choice.

Dor. My Heart can Witness how I hate the Light,
And that I could in humble Silence die;
Pleas'd with the Thought of my own Innocence,
But Oh! 'tis worse than Death, the World to leave,
Unjustly thought the Author of your Wrongs.

Alm. Unjustly thought?——Oh! could that be, my Lord,
But 'tis in vain to hope.

Dor. What Guard is there against Perfidious Friends?
Julia the fond, the kind protesting *Julia*,
Bore a false Heart, and ruine in her Smiles.

Alm. Speak on, my Lord,——If *Julia* did betray me,
Had not her Heart a Partner in the Guilt?

Dor. None but *Durazzo*, that Inhumane Rebel,
Pride, and not Love made her your Secret Rival,
Her working Jealousie entam'd that Traytor
In dire Revenge to Sacrifice your Life,
O Blest Mistake! The Monster thought it done.

Alm. Is there no Faith? No Friendship upon Earth?

Dor. With false, deceitful Tears your Death she mourn'd,
Judge of my killing grief,
I soon resolv'd to leave this hateful World,
But Oh! The Trait'ress nam'd my fatal Vow,
In sad Despair the Altar I approach'd,
There to obey your last Command, and die,
My Hand I gave, but my protesting Heart
Kept ever fix'd in dear *Almira*'s Love.

Alm. Hear all ye Pow'rs, my Lover's not Unfaithful;
[*Rises in a great Transport of Joy.*
Proclaim it to the World, thou busie fame,
That *Doria*'s true to his *Almira*.
Pardon, my Love, pardon a Womans Rashness;
Oh! I could tear my Heart,——That Jealous Heart,

That

That durst suspect my *Doria* could be false,
Thus blest, thus satisfied, I'll calmly die.

Dor. Dream not of Death, but think of coming Joys,
Julia's no more, that Cruel Mother's Dead,
Plung'd in the Horrours of Eternal Night,
She groans under the Pressure of her Guilt.
A glorious Day of Bliss breaks forth upon us,
The Storm is past, and all is Love and Peace.

Alm. These are, alas! but flatt'ring Dreams, that please,
But vanish in a Moment.——

Dor. Why, why so sad *Almira*?
Oh! may you never see a Mournful Day,
May soft Content dwell ever in your Breast,

Alm. No true Content this empty World can give,
What's Pleasure, but an Interval of Woe?
Just as Man's Joys begin, his Life is done,
And all his Hopes are lost in silent Death,
Yes, *Doria*, we must part,——

Dor. Recall my Princess,
That killing Sound, least at your Feet I die.

Alm. In vain, in vain,——such is our cruel Fate,
That we should love, but never should be happy,
A fatal Draught
Which black Despair prepar'd for my Relief,
Will soon consume my Life.——

Dor. Help, help, ye Pow'rs.

Alm. Oh! stay to close thy dear *Almira*'s Eyes,
Alas! Next Moment I may be no more.

Dor. Heav'ns! Must I see such Innocence Expire?
Fall to the Ground, thou tott'ring Frame of Clay, [*Throws himself on the Ground at* Almira's *Feet.*
Press, press me down——Thou load of Misery,
Thus, thus I'll gnaw the Bowels of the Earth,
And dig a Grave, deep as the vast Abyss,
To bury all my Woes.——I'll tear, I'll tear these Eyes
Rather than see a Spectacle so dismal.

Alm. Oh! Let me live in Thee, when I am gone
Promise you will, for then I'll die in Peace.

Dor. Just Pow'rs, if Vertue be your chiefest care, [*Looks up.*
Oh! look in pity on my dying Princess,

Take all the Pride of my dear purchas'd Fame,
Take all my Victories, and fruitless Honours,
Take my own Life, but give me dear *Almira's*,
And blest in that I'll thank you for my Death.

Alm. When hard Affliction prest upon your Soul,
My Life alas! was but a Scene of Sorrow,
I wept, I pray'd, I wish'd for Victory,
Victory's come, but I must lose my *Doria*,
Part with my Innocent, my Faithful *Doria*.

Dor. Oh! Never, never let me see that Moment,

Alm. Yes, we must part, to be for ever blest,
There is a better World, where we shall meet,
And take our Fills of never fading Joys;
Be careful of thy Life,——Grieve not for me
For I am going to my place of Rest.
Those, those, alas! Are only to be pity'd,
Whom Heav'n confines to this poor World of Sorrows.

Dor. For you alone I liv'd, with you I'll die.

Alm. No,—Live to tell the World how much I Lov'd Thee,
How pleas'd with *Doria's* Innocence, I dy'd,
It is my last Desire,——Give to my Mem'ry
Some Sighs of Pity, and some Tears of Love.

Dor. Oh! Death be kind, and let me first Expire.

Alm. By all our Hopes of Bliss, I charge Thee, Live
When I am Landed in the Realms of Glory,
I'll look with Pleasure down to see my *Doria*;
I'll hover round thy precious Head to guard it,
And keep thy Life from harm,——Farewell, my Love,
Farewell, Farewell,——Here take me to thy Breast,

[*She leans on his Breast.*

To Sleep away these poor Remains of Life,
And wake no more, but to Eternal Joys.

Dor. Thus let us die in the soft Arms of Love,
Thus let our Souls unite, our Sighs be mix'd,
And with our dying Breaths our Fates lament.

Alm. Two Lovers never, never lov'd so well.

Dor. Nor ever two were more Unfortunate,
Almira poor *Almira!*——

Alm. Heav'n reward thy pity,
Thou only Blessing I shall leave on Earth.

Dor. One Look, my Love, Oh! to our dying Moment,
Let me behold my ever dear *Almira*.

Enter Fidelia, *who stands unseen at a distance.*

Alm. Sure thou hast Charm'd the Poison's killing pow'r,
'Tis Life to look on thee.
Dor. And Death, to think the fatal Moment's near.
Fid. Dismiss your Fears, great *Doria*, bounteous Heav'n
[*Comes forward.*
Has sav'd her Life, to recompence your Love.
Dor. What says *Fidelia*, will my Princess Live?
[*Rises in a great Transport of Joy.*
Repeat, dear Maid, repeat the Charming Sound,
And I am happier than Triumphing Monarchs,
Lost in Delights, and Raptures past expressing.
Fid. Yes, yes, to Heav'n, and poor *Fidelia*'s Care,
You owe your dear *Almira*'s Life,
Trembling, and pale my Princess in despair,
To end her Griefs a burning Draught prepar'd,
Thanks to kind Fate, she left it in my pow'r,
I spilt the Poison, and into the Cup
Pour'd some reviving Drops——
Dor. There spoke the Voice of Heav'n.
Alm. Do we then live to be together blest?
Dor. Through all my Soul the kindled Joy dispers'd,
Keeps in my Thoughts, and I am lost in wonder,
O! my *Almira!*
Alm. O my Love! My *Doria!*
After the tedious Miseries of Life,
How sweet's the Joy? How welcome is the Pleasure
Which all our Fears and Dangers does succeed,
And had I worse endur'd?
This single Minute recompenses all.
Dor. Here let me live, in these dear circling Arms,
Is all my Mind can wish, and all my Heart can love.
[*Embraces* Almira.

Enter

Enter Zimelli, Grimaldi, Spinola.

Zim. Pleasure and Joy, thus ever meet your Wishes.
Grim. With Mutual Love, and Never-ending Fondness.
Dor. Once more, once more, most welcome to my Arms.
[*Runs to his Friends and Embraces them.*
O my *Zinelli!* O my dearest Friends
Most welcome all! —— I the transporting Thought
Of happy Love did ever affect your Souls,
Help me to bear my Extasies of Joy,
Or I shall sink beneath the mighty pleasure.
Zim. The Joyful News by *Spinola* declar'd, ——
Dor. Oh! 'Twas Good *Spinola*, 'twas Kind *Fidelio*,
Preserv'd that Glorious Life, —— Inspire me Heav'n,
What must I do to recompence their Zeals
Spin. Long may my Princess, and great *Doria* live,
Live in each other blest, that's all I wish.
Zim. Let this Day be a Day of Triumph.
Grim. Let *Genoa* smile with Universal Joy.
Spin. Let pleasing Mirth in every Bosome spring.
Dor. And through the Vaulted Skies *Almira*'s Praise resound,
Prepare this Palace, let it be adorn'd
With all the Splendour of my Envy'd Wealth,
This Glorious Day shall light our Happy Nuptials.

Yes, Vertue's Triumph this Great Day shall prove,
And shine with double Pomp of Victory and Love.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.